

IN THIS
ISSUE

THE WIZARD

THE MAN WITH
THE SUPER-BRAIN

TOP-NOTCH COMICS

DEC.
10c
No. 1

THRILLS
ACTION
ADVENTURE

64
PAGES

ALSO:
THE WEST POINTER
AIR PATROL
"SKY RAIDERS
OF THE WESTERN FRONT"
THE MYSTIC





WEB COMIC UNIVERSE.COM

MEET RANG-A-TANG THE WONDER DOG



IN
64 BLUE RIBBON COMICS ...
PAGES !! EVERY PAGE IN 4 COLORS !

The WIZARD

THE MAN WITH THE *Super Brain*

HE SOLVES ALL
PLOTS AGAINST
THE GOVERN-
MENT...

...BUT THE PLOT-
TERS CANNOT
SOLVE HIS PLOT
AGAINST THEM





BLANE WHITNEY, GREAT-GREAT-GRANDSON OF GEN. STEVEN WHITNEY, WHO WAS WASHINGTON'S CHIEF AIDE IN THE REVOLUTIONARY WAR, IS ENTERTAINING A GROUP OF CAFE SOCIETY FRIENDS AT HIS PARK AVENUE HOME.



YOU ARE WANTED ON THE PHONE, SIR. LONG DISTANCE FROM WASHINGTON.

THANK YOU, JEEVES... EXCUSE ME, JANE.



... THE JATSONION GOVT., EH? THAT'S TOO IMPORTANT FOR DISCUSSION OVER THE PHONE. BETTER TELL ME ABOUT IT OVER THE RADIO WAVE-SCRAMBLER...

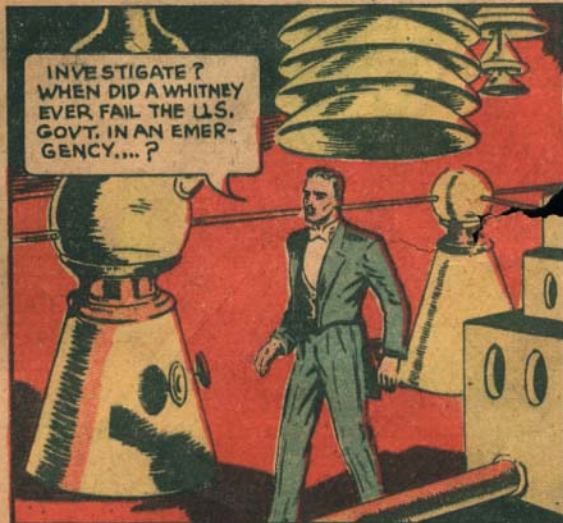


REPAIRING TO HIS LABORATORY, THE WIZARD TUNES IN THE NAVAL INTELLIGENCE MICRO-WAVE TRANSMITTER IN WASHINGTON. THE RADIO DEVICE, WHICH SCRAMBLES THE WAVES BEYOND RECOGNITION WHEN BROADCAST AND REASSEMBLES THEM WHEN RECEIVED, IS THE WIZARD'S OWN INVENTION!



JUST RECEIVED INFORMATION OF JATSONIAN PLOT TO BLOW UP AMERICAN SUBMARINE FLEET AT BASE IN PEARL HARBOR, HAWAII. INVESTIGATE IMMEDIATELY!

THE WIZARD'S BROTHER, GROVER WHITNEY, WHO IS CHIEF OF THE NAVAL INTELLIGENCE SERVICE, INFORMS THE WIZARD OF THE PLOT!



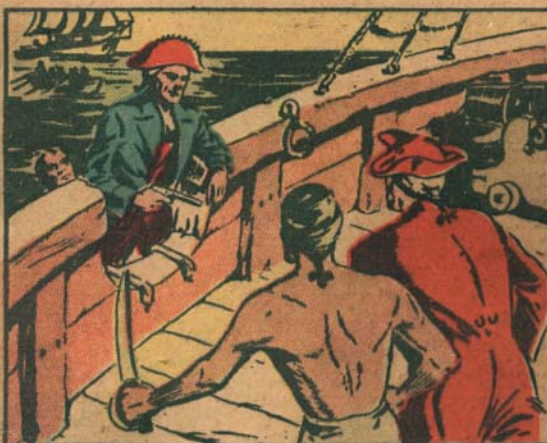
INVESTIGATE? WHEN DID A WHITNEY EVER FAIL THE U.S. GOVT. IN AN EMERGENCY...?



DID ANY MEMBER OF THE WHITNEY FAMILY EVER FAIL UNCLE SAM?



IN 1776 GEN. STEVEN WHITNEY, COVERING GEN. WASHINGTON'S RETREAT FROM LONG ISLAND AT THE HEAD OF THE FAMOUS PENNSYLVANIA LINE, CLEARS THE WAY TO VALLEY FORGE.....



IN 1812 CAPT. AMBROSE WHITNEY, IN COMMAND OF AN AMERICAN PRIVATEER, CAPTURES A BRITISH MERCHANTMAN HEAVILY LOADED WITH MUNITIONS!



IN 1865 MAJOR THOMAS WHITNEY ACCEPTS GEN. LEE'S SWORD AT APPOMATTOX COURTHOUSE IN BEHALF OF GEN. GRANT, TO END THE WAR BETWEEN THE STATES!



IN 1870 JAMES WHITNEY, FEDERAL INDIAN AGENT, SIGNS A PEACE TREATY WITH INDIANS, PUTTING TO AN END INDIAN RAIDS FOR ALL-TIME!



IN 1898 ENSIGN THOMAS WHITNEY, JR., A MEMBER OF LIEUTENANT HOBSON'S VALIENT VOLUNTEER CREW, IS DROWNED IN HAVANA HARBOR AFTER SINKING THE AMERICAN GUNBOAT IN THE NARROW CHANNEL WHICH COOPS-UP THE SPANISH ARMADA!



IN 1918 LIEUTENANT JOHN WHITNEY FALLS IN FRANCE, AS HE LEADS AMERICAN EXPEDITIONARY FORCES OVER THE TOP TO TAKE THE HINDENBURG LINE!



THUS WE SEE THAT FOR SEVEN GENERATIONS, AT LEAST ONE MEMBER OF THE FAMILY HAS SERVED HEROICALLY THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA!



NOW TO GIVE IT A TEST...!

WHILE THE WAR IS STILL RAGING IN EUROPE IN 1918, 14-YEAR-OLD BLANE WHITNEY BEGINS TO SHOW SIGNS OF MENTAL WIZARDRY....



IF THIS BURNS THRU THE STEEL, ...WOW... WE CAN SINK THE WHOLE GERMAN NAVY...!!

... THAT IS SOON TO MAKE HIM THE GREATEST BRAIN POWER ON EARTH !



MR. PRESIDENT, THIS IS THE YOUNG MAN I TOLD YOU ABOUT, MASTER BLANE WHITNEY.

THE YOUNG MENTAL WIZARD IS PRESENTED TO PRESIDENT WILSON.



MY BOY, YOU SEEM TO POSSESS UNRIVALED BRAIN POWER. YOU MUST BE CAREFUL NEVER TO USE IT FOR BAD, ONLY FOR GOOD....

...DEDICATE YOUR LIFE, AS YOUR ANCESTORS DEDICATED THEIRS... TO THE SERVICE OF YOUR COUNTRY!



REMEMBERING THE ADVICE OF PRES. WILSON, THE YOUNG WIZARD RETURNS HOME DOGGEDLY SET IN THE RESOLVE TO GIVE HIS LIFE TO HIS COUNTRY MEANWHILE, OUT AT SEA, THE NAVY MAKES TESTS WITH THE WIZARD'S POWERFUL CHEMICAL.



LOOK AT THAT STEEL BURN!

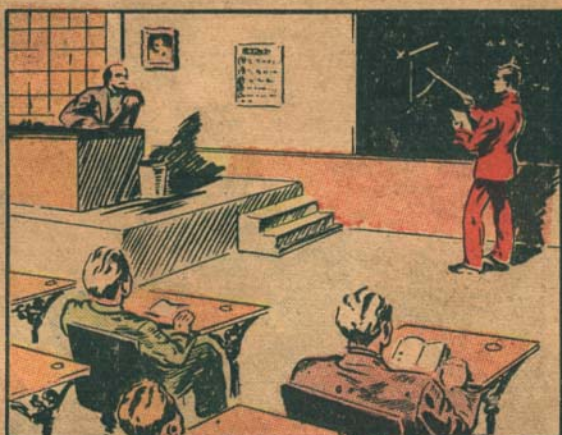
IT'S MELTING LIKE BUTTER!



THE WIZARD'S MYSTERY CHEMICAL BURNS THE STEEL 1,000 TIMES FASTER THAN AN ACETYLENE TORCH.....!

NEW-YORK CITY
FRESH-GRAPE
ARMISTIC
SIGNED

BEFORE THE WIZARD'S MYSTERY CHEMICAL CAN BE ENLISTED IN THE SERVICE OF THE U.S.A., THE WAR ENDS...



...PEACE REIGNS OVER THE WORLD ONCE AGAIN. YOUNG BLANE WHITNEY... THE WIZARD... ATTENDS HIGH SCHOOL.



THE YOUNG WIZARD HAS FINISHED HIGH-SCHOOL AND IS NOW ATTENDING COLLEGE. THE INSTRUCTORS MARVEL AT HIS BRILLIANCE!



HE NOT ONLY EXCELS IN STUDY, BUT ALSO BECOMES AN ALL-ROUND ATHLETE, AND HIS SKILL WINS MANY A CLOSE GAME FOR THE SCHOOL!



HE IS A CLEAN-CUT YOUNG MAN, AND IS ALSO POPULAR WITH THE YOUNG LADIES.



WORKING LATE UNDER THE MIDNIGHT MAZDAS, THE WIZARD DESIGNS A SUPER-CHARGED MOTOR THAT WILL DO ALMOST 500 MILES PER HOUR!



I WONDER, WILL THAT THING RUN.....?

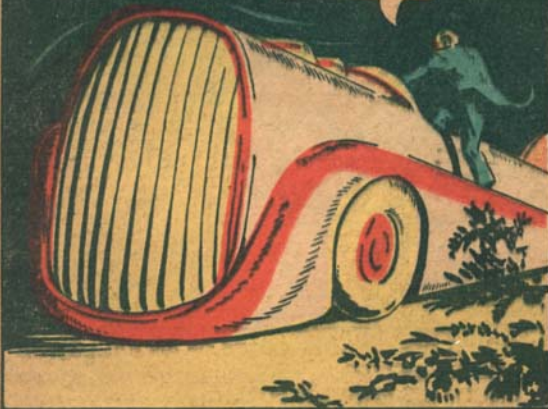
I DON'T KNOW, BUT WE'VE GOT THE ORDER AND HIS RICH PAPA IS PAYING THE BILL!

THE WIZARD ORDERS A CAR BUILT TO HIS SPECIFICATIONS, HE OMITTS A FEW VITAL PARTS FROM THE PLANS, AND THE MACHINE IS A SOURCE OF MERRIMENT TO THE MECHANICS IN THE PLANT.



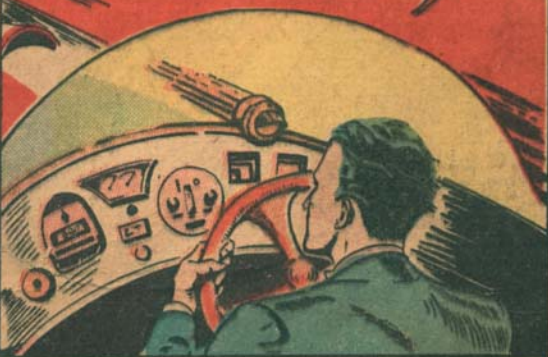
THEY LAUGHED, DID THEY?... WELL, WE'LL SEE WHO LAUGHS WHEN I GET THIS SUPER-CHARGER IN...!

NOW TO SEE
WHAT SHE'LL
DO!



THRU THE NIGHT THE WIZARD SPEEDS WESTWARD.

WHEE! 300 MILES AN HOUR!
AT THE RATE I'VE BEEN DRIVING
I MUST BE IN THE VICINITY OF
KANSAS.....!



GOSH—ZEKE
WHUT WAS THAT?

DUNNO, JAKE,
BUT IT'S GOIN'
FAST!!



WITH DAYLIGHT, THE WIZARD'S CAR, PAINTED WITH
A CHEMICAL OF HIS OWN CREATION, TAKES THE
COLOR OF THE ATMOSPHERE AND IS INVISIBLE!

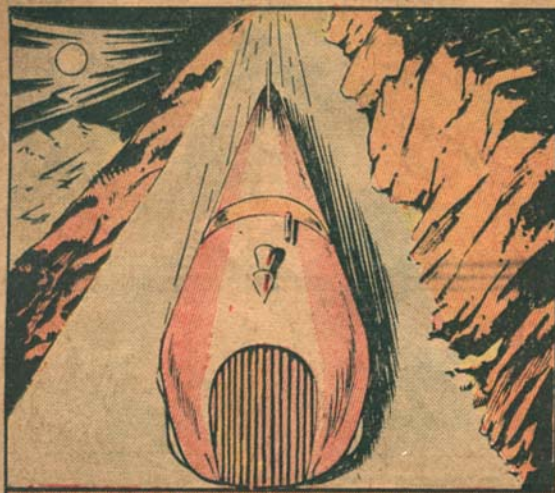
WITH THE PASSAGE
OF TIME, THE WIZARD GROWS
TO MATURITY AND IS GRADUATED
FROM THE UNIVERSITY. HE BEGINS
HIS NEW LIFE... THAT OF A MAN-
ABOUT-TOWN. HE IS KNOWN TO
EVERYONE IN CAFE SOCIETY
AS BLANE WHITNEY, A POLO-
PLAYING PLAYBOY. BUT TO
HIS BROTHER GROVER, CHIEF
OF THE NAVAL INTELLIGENCE
SERVICE, HE IS KNOWN FOR
WHAT HE IS!
THE WIZARD...
THE GREATEST BRAINPOWER
ON EARTH!

AND NOW WE CONTINUE
WITH OUR STORY.....

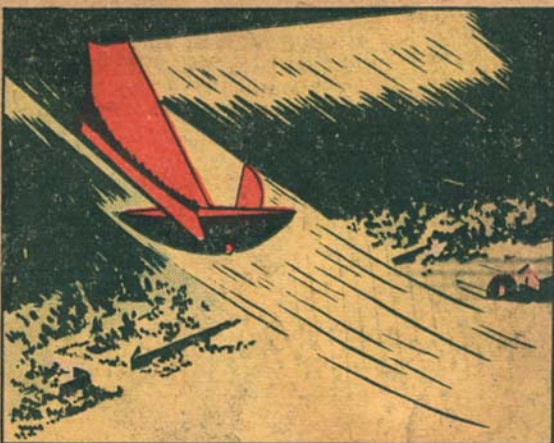


OF COURSE I'LL GO,
GROVER! —
LEAVE RIGHT
AWAY!





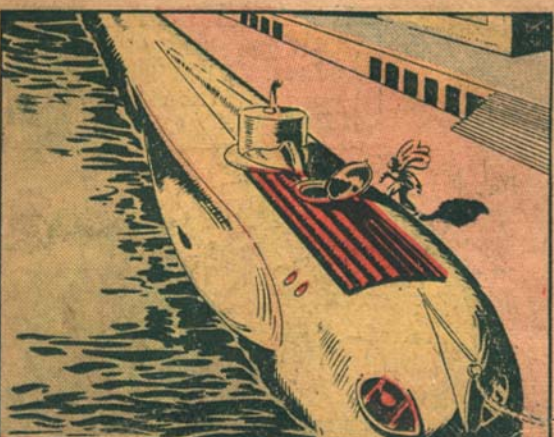
THE WIZARD RACES TO THE AIRPORT.....



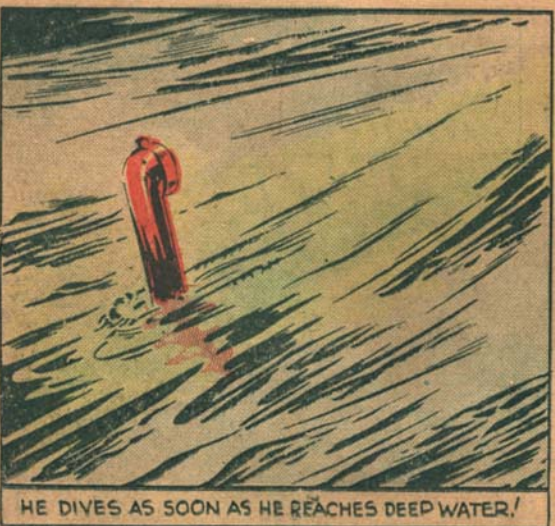
TAKING OFF WITH THE GRACE OF AN EAGLE, THE WIZARD SPEEDS TOWARDS SAN PEDRO, WHERE ONE OF HIS MYSTERY SUBS IS ANCHORED....



TWO HOURS AND FORTY-FIVE MINUTES AFTER LEAVING NEW YORK, THE WIZARD LANDS AT LOS ANGELES.



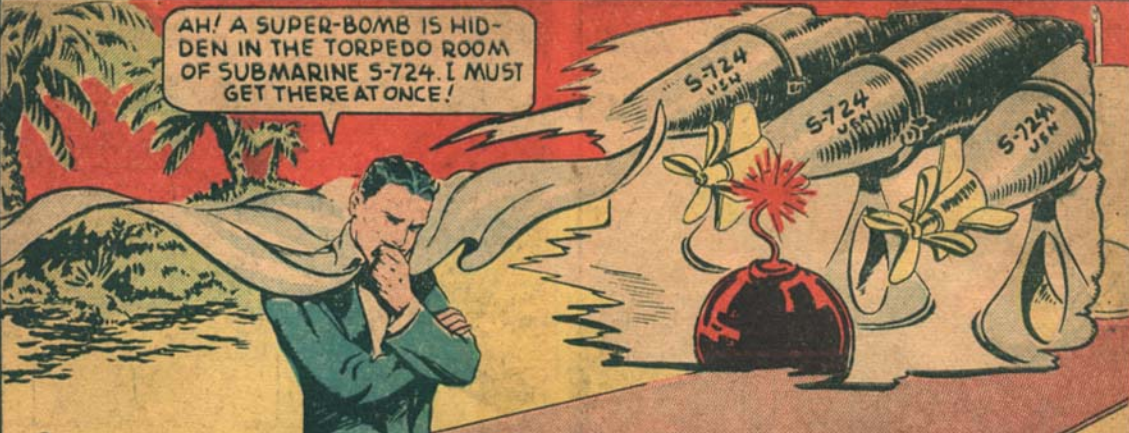
A FEW MINUTES LATER, THE WIZARD IS AT SAN PEDRO. ENTERING HIS MYSTERY SUB, POWERED BY A SUPER-MOTOR



HE DIVES AS SOON AS HE REACHES DEEP WATER!



I'M OUT ABOUT FIVE HOURS FROM SAN PEDRO NOW. MUST BE NEAR PEARL HARBOR.



AH! A SUPER-BOMB IS HIDDEN IN THE TORPEDO ROOM OF SUBMARINE 5-724. I MUST GET THERE AT ONCE!

ANCHORING HIS U-BOAT AT A HIDDEN CORAL ISLAND, THE WIZARD SETS THE WHEELS OF HIS SUPER-BRAIN IN MOTION - TO DETERMINE THE PLOT.




SWIMMING SWIFTLY THRU THE MURKY WATER, THE WIZARD SUDDENLY FINDS HIMSELF IN A MINE-CATCHING NET.

OFF TO THE SUBMARINE BASE.....



WHEN HOISTED INTO THE AIR, THE WIZARD RECOGNIZES THE BOAT AS A JATSONIAN CRAFT.



THEY'RE CRAZY IF THEY THINK THIS WILL HOLD ME!



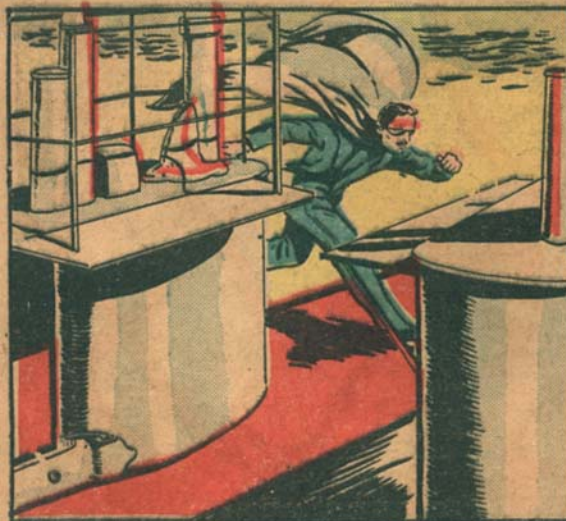
LEADING TO
THE DECK, THE
WIZARD IS MET
WITH A HAIL OF
MACHINE-GUN
BULLETS.



MY HIGH VELOCITY
PROPULSION PISTOL
IS MORE THAN A
MATCH FOR THEIR
MACHINE GUNS...



I MUST GET TO
THE SUBMARINE
BASE... NO TIME
TO LOSE!



THIS IS THE SUB...
I MUST HURRY!

S-724

LOCKED!—AND
THE BOMB IS
IN THE NEXT
COMPARTMENT!

I'LL MELT THE
HEAVY DOOR
WITH MY SE-
CRET CHEMICAL
F-22-X.

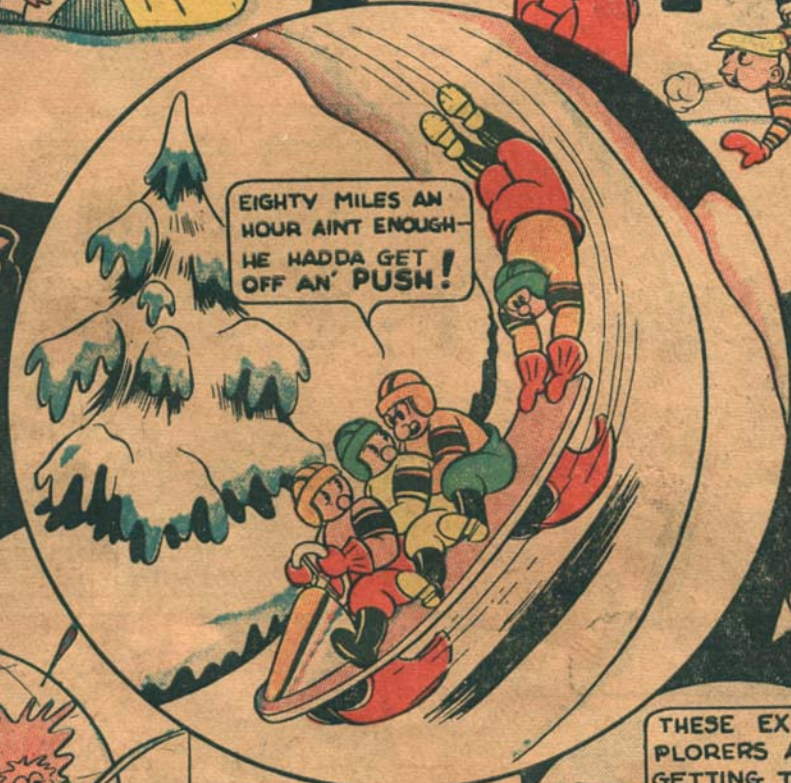
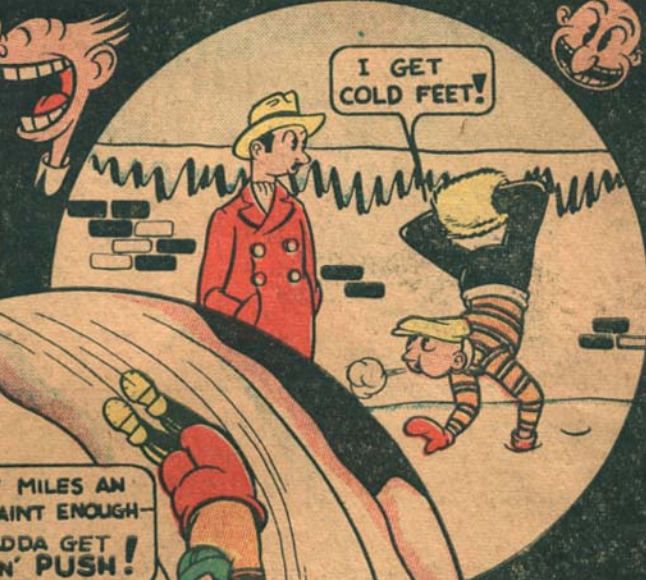
JUST IN TIME!
ANOTHER MOMENT
AND THE FLEET
WOULD HAVE
BEEN BLOWN TO
BITS!

GROVER WHITNEY - NAVAL
INTELLIGENCE - SUB FLEET
IS SAVED - JATSONIAN BAT-
TLESHIP IS AT LATTITUDE
20 - LONGITUDE 158 - PRO-
CEED AT ONCE!

GET 'EM UP YOU JATSONIANS-
THE GAME IS OVER!

Our Country
right or wrong
— Our Country!
The Wizard

LAUGHING AT LIFE!



MY, BUT THAT UNDERTOW AT CONEY ISLAND IS STRONG!



THESE EXPLORERS ARE GETTING TOO FRESH, LATELY!



THE TIME CAR IS WORKING PERFECTLY!
WE CAN GO ANYWHERE...
THE PAST OR THE FUTURE!

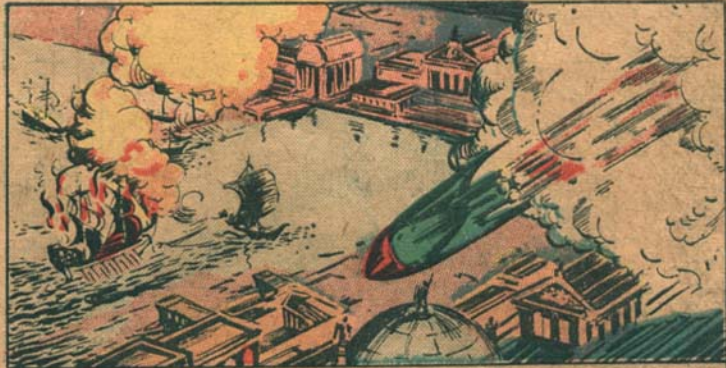
THAT'S GREAT,
DR. MEADE.
WHERE SHALL WE
GO FIRST!

THE TIME CAR HURTTLES THROUGH THE MISTS OF TIME...
WITHIN IT, ITS INVENTOR, DR. JOEL MEADE, AND HIS
YOUNG ASSISTANT AND PILOT, SCOTT RAND, SCAN THE DIALS...

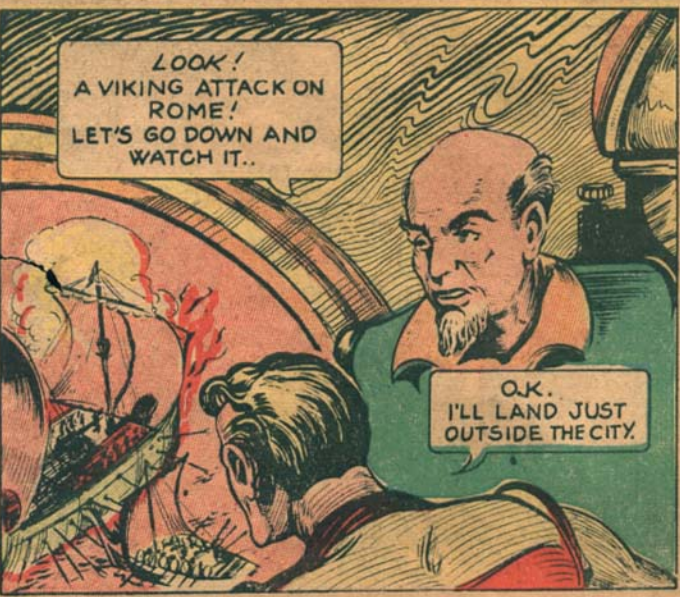


I'VE SET THE MAIN DIAL
200 A.D.—WE'LL SEE
ROME AT THE HEIGHT
OF ITS GLORY.....!
PREPARE FOR
LANDING, SCOTT!

I AM
READY!



HAVING BRIDGED THE GULF OF TIME BACK TO THE
YEAR 200 A.D., THE TIME CAR EMERGES OVER
ANCIENT ROME, AND THEN THEY SEE.....



LOOK!
A VIKING ATTACK ON
ROME!
LET'S GO DOWN AND
WATCH IT..

O.K.
I'LL LAND JUST
OUTSIDE THE CITY.



THE TIME CAR DESCENDS WITH
ROCKETS FLAMING.....

... LANDING NEAR A GROUP OF PEOPLE ALSO WATCHING THE BATTLE IN THE HARBOR.

LOOK AT THEM RUN!

THEY PROBABLY TAKE US FOR A FLAMING DRAGON.



LOOK! THE VIKING ATTACK HAS FAILED. THE ROMANS ARE CUTTING THEM DOWN TO THE LAST MAN!

THAT ISN'T A FAIR FIGHT!



BUT BEFORE SCOTT COMES TO HIS AID, THE GIGANTIC VIKING HAS, WITH MIGHTY BLOWS OF HIS AXE, WON THE BATTLE FOR HIMSELF ...

HOLD ON! I AM YOUR FRIEND...



THE MIGHTY VIKING, THE ONLY ONE OF HIS CREW ALIVE AFTER THE FIERCE BATTLE, IS LOATH TO LEAVE, BUT SCOTT URGES HIM TOWARD THEIR TIME CAR, AND THEY NARROWLY ESCAPE THE CHARGING ROMANS ...!



I'M GLAD WE
SAVED HIM...!
I WONDER WHAT
HIS NAME IS?

I'LL TRY TALKING
TO HIM
IN OLD LATIN...



DR. MEADE SPEAKS TO THE VIKING
IN THE ANCIENT LATIN TONGUE. HE
UNDERSTANDS AND ANSWERS.....

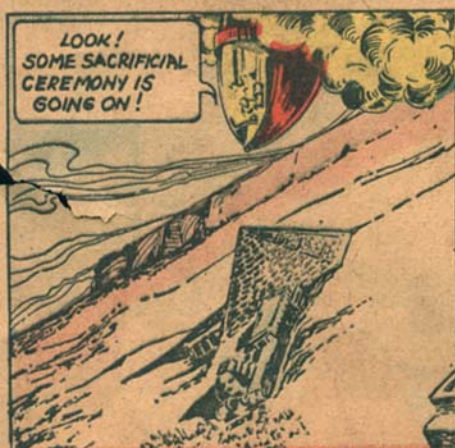


HIS NAME IS THOR.
HE THINKS WE ARE
MAGICIANS, BUT HE
IS GRATEFUL THAT
WE SAVED HIS LIFE,
SAYS HE'LL GO ANY-
WHERE WITH US!

GOOD!
A MAN LIKE THAT
COMES IN HANDY IN
A FIGHT.
WHERE TO NOW, DOC?



AGAIN THE TIME CAR PLUNGES
INTO THE SWIRLING, FORMLESS
MISTS OF TIME, BACKWARD TO
ANCIENT EGYPT.....



LOOK!
SOME SACRIFICIAL
CEREMONY IS
GOING ON!

LANDING IN THE SANDS BEFORE
THE SPHINX....



... THEY FIND A GROUP OF EGYPTIAN PRIESTS BEFORE
AN ALTAR, ON WHICH IS TIED A BEAUTIFUL YOUNG WOMAN.
SCOTT, DR. MEADE AND THOR ARE DETERMINED TO RESCUE HER...

THEIR DARING RESCUE HAS ALMOST SUCCEEDED BUT NOW THE EGYPTIANS BLOCK THEIR WAY TO THE TIME CAR - CAPTURE AND DEATH SEEM IMMINENT....



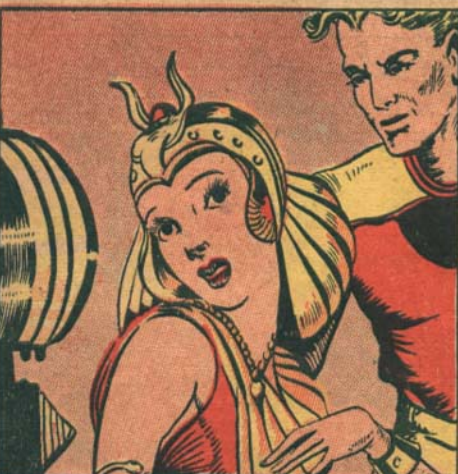
THOR HURRY!



WHEN SUDDENLY A HARSH CHATTER BREAKS OUT, THE EGYPTIANS FALL LIKE LEAVES BEFORE A SUB-MACHINE GUN IN DR. MEADE'S HANDS.....

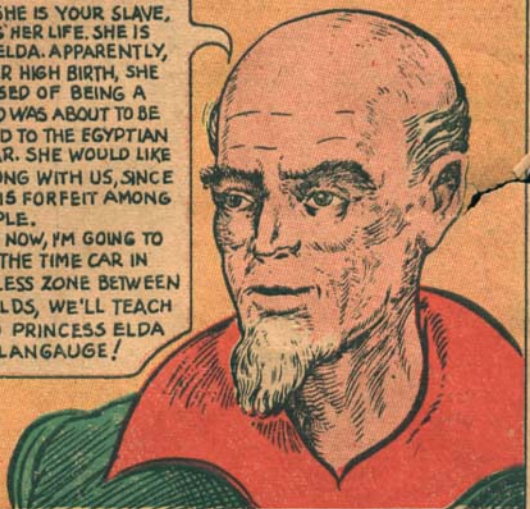


WHAT IS SHE SAYING, DOC? TELL HER TO... UH... OH, STOP BEING FOOLISH!



DR. MEADE MANAGES TO UNDERSTAND SOMETHING OF HER WORDS.....

SHE SAYS SHE IS YOUR SLAVE, FOR SAVING HER LIFE. SHE IS PRINCESS ELDA. APPARENTLY, DESPITE HER HIGH BIRTH, SHE WAS ACCUSED OF BEING A WITCH, AND WAS ABOUT TO BE SACRIFICED TO THE EGYPTIAN GOD ISHTAR. SHE WOULD LIKE TO GO ALONG WITH US, SINCE HER LIFE IS FORFEIT AMONG HER PEOPLE. BUT RIGHT NOW, I'M GOING TO SUSPEND THE TIME CAR IN THE TIMELESS ZONE BETWEEN TIME-WORLDS, WE'LL TEACH THOR AND PRINCESS ELDA OUR LANGUAGE!



THE NAUGHTY CAT...
CAUGHT THE...UH...
ER.....

MOUSE!
MOUSE!
OH! THIS WILL
TAKE YEARS..



DR. MEADE FINDS IT A LONG HARD TASK TO
TEACH THEM ENGLISH... BUT ACTUAL TIME DOES
NOT PASS WITHIN THE STRANGE TIMELESS ZONE..

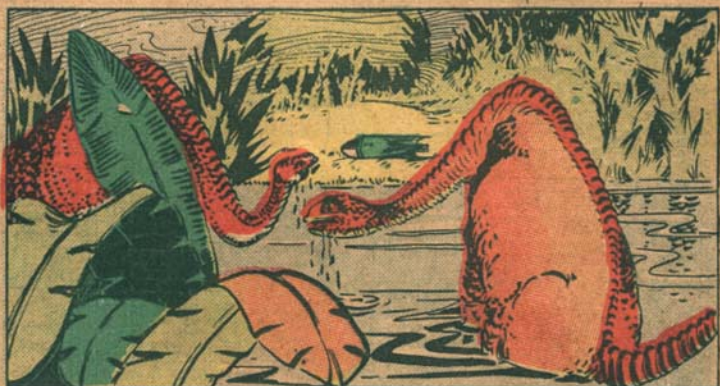
IT IS A STRANGE
LANGUAGE, THIS
ENGLISH, BUT IT
WILL DO!

BY ODIN, 'TIS HARD
TO BELIEVE THIS
LANGUAGE IS THAT
OF 2,000 YEARS
AFTER MY TIME!



..AND FINALLY THEY ARE ABLE TO SPEAK THE
LANGUAGE QUITE WELL!

NOW THAT YOU KNOW
OUR LANGUAGE WE
CAN GO ON.
WE WILL GO BACK
INTO THE PAST-TO
THE TIME OF THE
DINOSAURS!



THE TIME CAR LANDS IN THE WORLD OF TEN MILLION YEARS
AGO - A PRIMEVAL WORLD BEFORE THE COMING OF MAN. HUGE
DINOSAURS FILL THE AIR WITH THEIR RAUGOUS ROARS. THEY
ARE MASTERS OF THE WORLD.....



AS THEY WANDER AROUND, THEY COME TOO CLOSE TO
A BLOOD-THIRSTY MONSTER, AND NARROWLY ESCAPE
THE HUNGRY, VICIOUS JAWS OF THE BEAST- DR.
MEADE SAVES THEM ALL BY.....

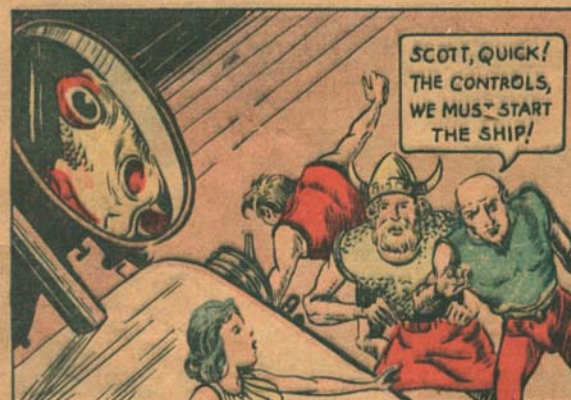


... THROWING A WELL-AIMED HAND-BOMB AT THE BEAST'S HEAD HE KILLS IT... MEANWHILE THEY MAKE THEIR ESCAPE AND GET BACK TO THE TIME CAR.



ARE YOU HURT, SCOTT?

NO, BUT WE HAD BETTER GET BACK TO THE TIME CAR!



SCOTT, QUICK! THE CONTROLS, WE MUST START THE SHIP!

IN THE TIME CAR DR. MEADE IS ABOUT TO START THE SHIP TO GET OUT OF THE JUNGLE, WHEN ...



SUDDENLY THE TIME CAR BEGINS TO ROCK AND ROLL... THE TREMENDOUS WEIGHT OF ONE OF THE BEASTS IS KEEPING THEM EARTH BOUND...



... BUT SCOTT MANAGES TO GET TO THE EMERGENCY CONTROLS.. AND THE SHIP TEARS LOOSE FROM THE..



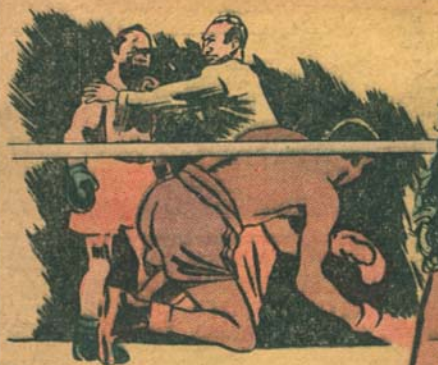
BY ODIN, I LIKED THAT LITTLE ADVENTURE!

I'LL SET THE DIAL FOR 1940!

ELDA, HOW WOULD YOU LIKE TO SEE OUR 20TH CENTURY?

.. GRIP OF THE MIGHTY BEAST... AND AGAIN THE TIME CAR IS ON ITS WAY INTO THE MISTS OF TIME!

SPORT TOPICS



WHEN TWO TON GALENTO HIT LOUIS WITH THAT "PUNCH HEARD 'ROUND THE WORLD," THE "GREATEST FIGHTER" MYTH WAS SHATTERED.

THE ONE MAN
TO
BEAT
LOUIS



LOU
NOVA

IF THE ALAMEDA ADONIS, WHO RECENTLY STOPPED MAX BAER, GETS A SHOT AT LOUIS—HE'LL BE REGARDED HIGHLY AS THE ONE TO BEAT HIM.



JOE
LOUIS

WITH FEW MEN LEFT IN THE FIELD, THE BROWN BOMBER IS NOW HARBORING THOUGHTS OF RETIRING UNDEFEATED.



WHEN JOE DOES QUIT, IT CAN BE SAID HE MADE MORE MONEY IN LESS TIME THAN ANY CHAMPION WE'VE HAD!

PHASEN

SWIFT OF THE SECRET SERVICE



YOU DID A GRAND JOB, SWIFT. I ARRANGED WITH YOUR CHIEF FOR A TWO WEEK HOLIDAY FOR YOU.



REX SWIFT, U.S. SECRET SERVICE AGENT, HAS JUST SOLVED A PLOT AGAINST THE NAVY.

THANK YOU, ADMIRAL. I'VE BEEN WANTING THE CHANCE TO GO HOME A LONGTIME.



JUST BOUGHT A NEW CAMERA STEVE - COME DOWN TO THE SHORE - AND SNAP SOME MARINE VIEWS.

O.K. UNCLE LET'S GO!



MEANWHILE, 500 MILES AWAY IN SWIFT'S HOME TOWN. TWO NEIGHBORS ARE...

I'LL TAKE THIS HOME MADE SAND BAG ALONG. IT SHOULD DO THE TRICK.



BEAUTIFUL SCENERY ON THE ROAD.



DRIVING DOWN TO THE SEASHORE, AUBREY J. SNITE AND HIS NEPHEW, JACK...

OUT HERE WE CAN GET AN AERIAL SHOT OF THE SURF.



AS THEY COME TO A CLIFF OVERLOOKING THE SEA...



JACK! WHAT ARE YOU UP TO?



THAT'LL HOLD YOU!



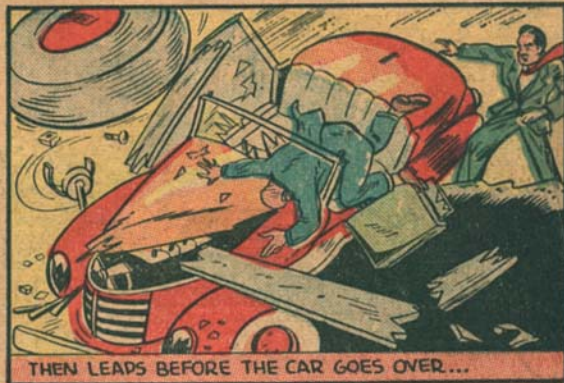
THAT FINISHES YOU--YOU OLD FOOL!



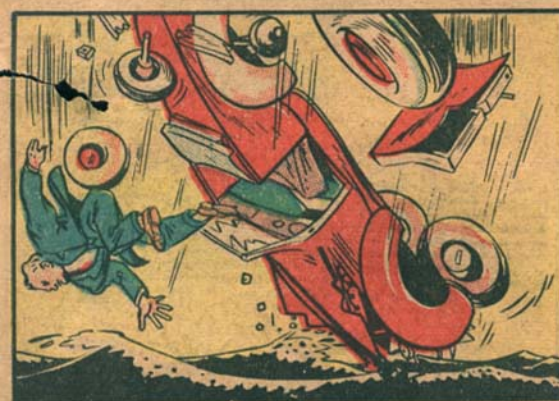
YOUNG SNITE THROWS THE BODY OF HIS UNCLE INTO THE CAR.



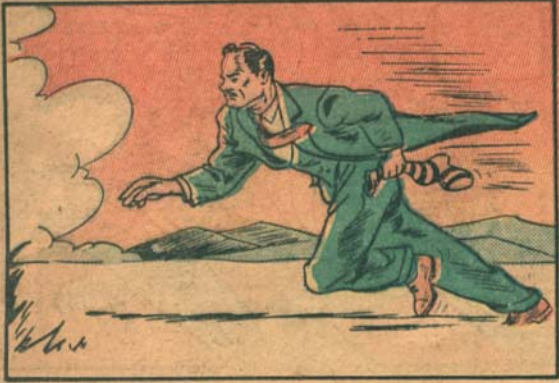
HE STARTS THE CAR AND HEADS FOR THE PRECIPICE



THEN LEAPS BEFORE THE CAR GOES OVER...



WELL, THAT'S THAT--THE PERFECT CRIME!



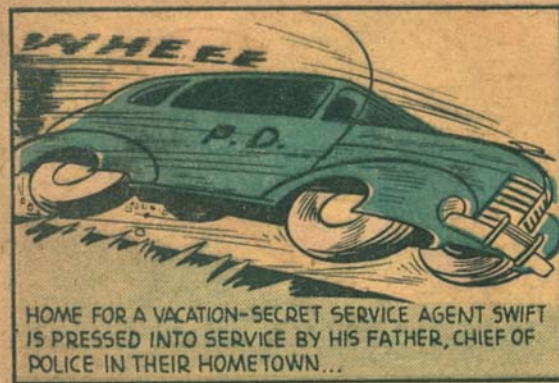
BETTER GET RID OF THE SAND- THERE ISN'T ANY BLOOD ON THE SOCK. IT'S ONE OF MY FAVORITE PAIR-



OLD MAN SNITE, EH- AT THE FOOT OF THE BLUFFS-LEAVE THE BODY AS YOU FOUND IT- I'LL BE RIGHT OUT.



OF COURSE I'LL GO WITH YOU, FATHER- I'M SPENDING MY VACATION AT HOME BECAUSE I WANT TO BE WITH YOU-



WHEEE

HOME FOR A VACATION- SECRET SERVICE AGENT SWIFT IS PRESSED INTO SERVICE BY HIS FATHER, CHIEF OF POLICE IN THEIR HOMETOWN...



I DON'T THINK IT WAS AN ACCIDENT. OLD MAN SNITE WAS A CAREFUL DRIVER.



THERE ISN'T ONE THING THAT AROUSES MY SUSPICIONS. I'LL DEVELOPE THE FILMS AND SEE WHAT WE SHALL SEE-

THERE AREN'T ANY FINGER-PRINTS.

ARRIVING AT THE SCENE OF THE WRECKAGE...



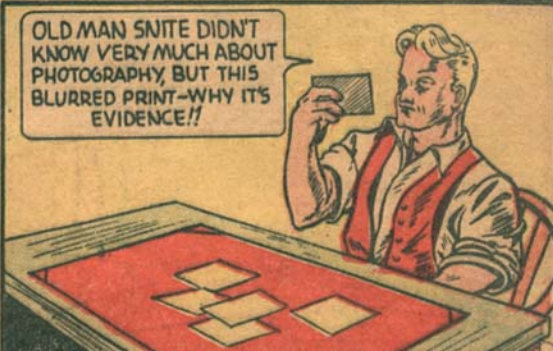
WELL, THEY WASHED UP NICELY. I'LL WEAR THEM TOMORROW.

IN ANOTHER PART OF TOWN.

GOT SOME BAD NEWS FOR YOU, JACK. CAN YOU TAKE IT? WELL, YOUR UNCLE WAS FOUND DEAD IN HIS CAR AT THE FOOT OF MOUNTAIN BLUFFS...

YOU'VE GOT TO BUCK UP UNDER IT, JACK OLD BOY.

THE OLD FOOL THINKS I'M REALLY GRIEF STRICKEN.



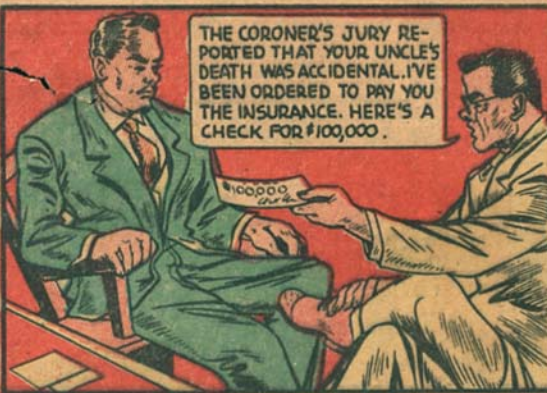
OLD MAN SNITE DIDN'T KNOW VERY MUCH ABOUT PHOTOGRAPHY, BUT THIS BLURRED PRINT--WHY IT'S EVIDENCE!!

IN THE DARK ROOM AT POLICE HEADQUARTERS...

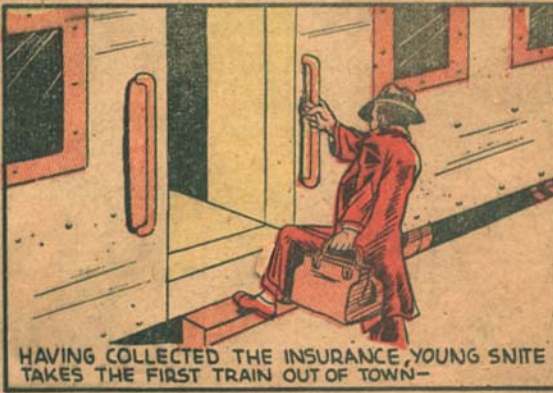


SEEMS TO ME I SAW THAT RING I GOT IT--THAT MAN AT THE CEMETERY!

WHAT THE SECRET SERVICE MAN SAW--



THE CORONER'S JURY REPORTED THAT YOUR UNCLE'S DEATH WAS ACCIDENTAL. I'VE BEEN ORDERED TO PAY YOU THE INSURANCE. HERE'S A CHECK FOR \$100,000.

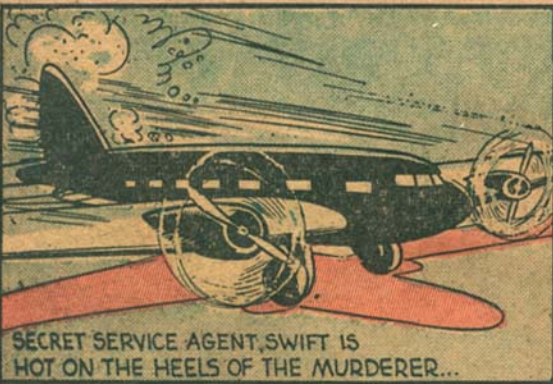
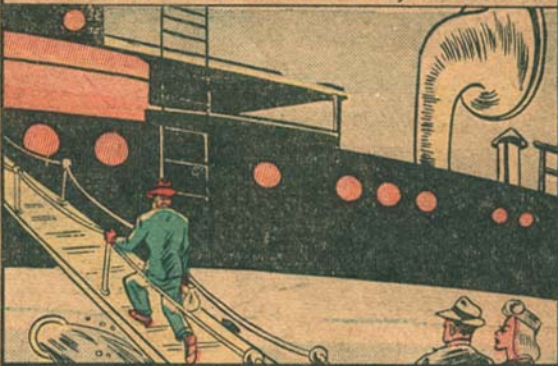


HAVING COLLECTED THE INSURANCE, YOUNG SNITE TAKES THE FIRST TRAIN OUT OF TOWN--

THEN HE BOARDS A PLANE FOR NEWARK-



IN NEW YORK HE GRABS AN OCEAN LINER, EUROPE BOUND.



SECRET SERVICE AGENT, SWIFT IS HOT ON THE HEELS OF THE MURDERER...



THERE GOES THE WHISTLE- WE'RE OFF!



AND YOU'RE SURE HE CALLED THE BLUE STAR LINE... HE'S BOUND FOR EUROPE?

YES SIR!



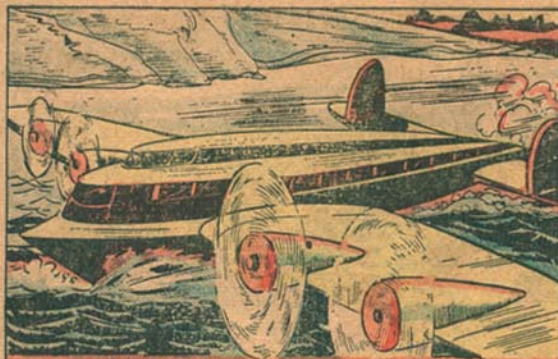
BLAST IT! FIVE MINUTES TOO LATE...



WELL, THINGS COULD BE WORSE. TOMORROW I'LL CATCH THE CLIPPER FOR IRELAND AND GIVE YOUNG MR. SNITE A SURPRISE...



NEXT MORNING REX AWAITS THE CLIPPERS TAKE OFF...



TWENTY HOURS LATER, THE CLIPPER LANDS...



SURE! I'LL BE GLAD TO OBLIGE YOU...

NEXT DAY IN THE OFFICE OF THE POLICE CHIEF...



RIGHT THIS WAY, MR. SNITE. THERE'S A ONE MAN RECEPTION TO GREET YOU INSIDE...

EARLY THE FOLLOWING MORNING THE BLUE STAR LINER DOCKS AT THE IRISH SEAPORT...



THOSE ARE RATHER UNCOMMON SOCKS YOU'RE WEARING -- MR. SNITE...

WHAT OF IT?



I'VE ONLY SEEN ONE SOCK IN MY LIFE HAVING THE SAME TYPE OF STRIPES, IT WAS FILLED WITH SAND-



SAY! WHAT ARE YOU GETTING AT? ARE YOU ACCUSING ME?



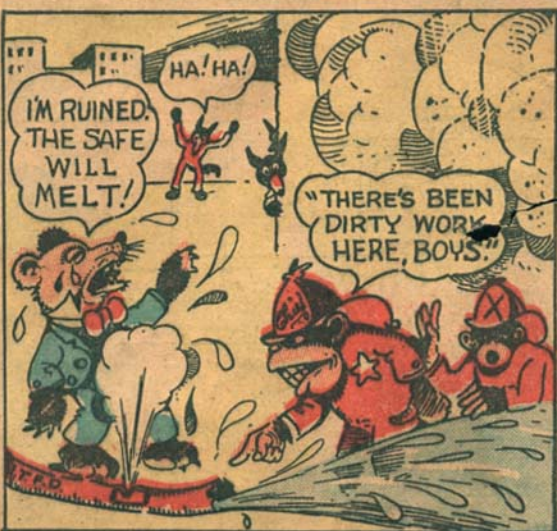
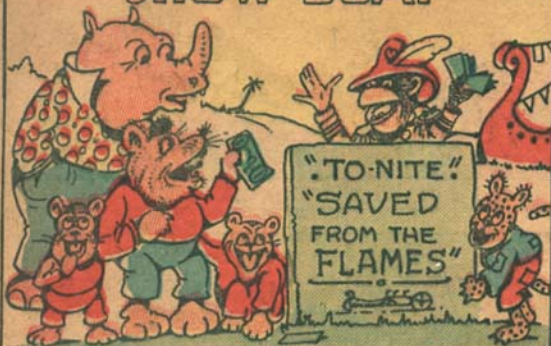
THAT RING YOU'RE WEARING, SNITE -- THE SAME ONE THAT SHOWS IN THE PICTURE!

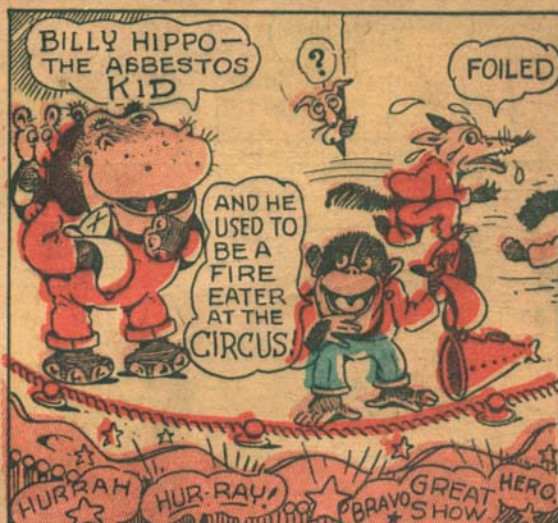
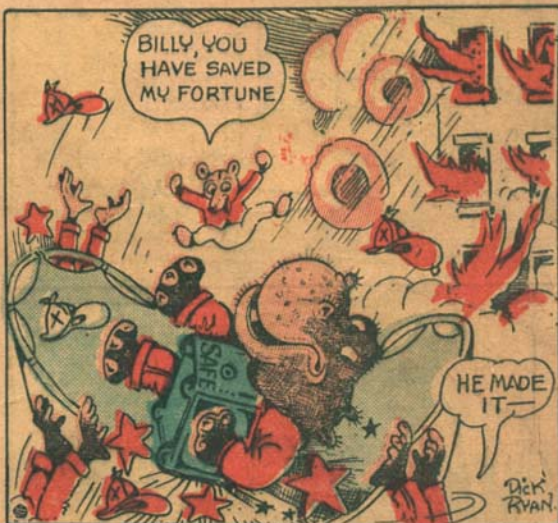
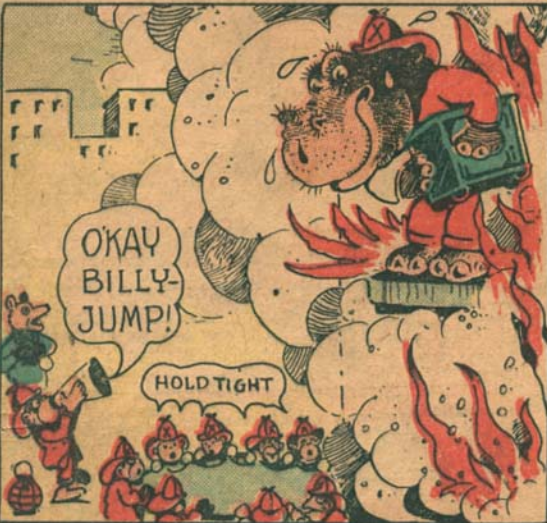
IT'S USED FOR SEALING IMPORTANT DOCUMENTS.



THIS TIME THE RING IS SEALING OUR DOOM-

JUNGLE TOWN SHOW BOAT





AIR PATROL

"SKY RAIDERS OF THE WESTERN FRONT"



BEN JOHNSON, AN AMERICAN TRANSPORT PILOT, ENLISTS IN THE ROYAL AIR FORCE WHEN ENGLAND DECLARES WAR ON GERMANY.

A BRITISH FREIGHTER WAS SUNK OFF CALAIS YESTERDAY, WHEN YOU WERE SUPPOSEDLY PATROLLING THE SPOT. WHAT HAVE YOU TO SAY?

WELL, SIR-

...I TAKE IT THAT THE U-BOAT WAS BELOW THE SURFACE WHEN I PASSED THE SPOT...

ASSIGNED TO PATROL DUTY OVER THE ENGLISH CHANNEL, BEN IS NOW ON THE CARPET FOR FAILURE TO OBSERVE A GERMAN RAIDER...

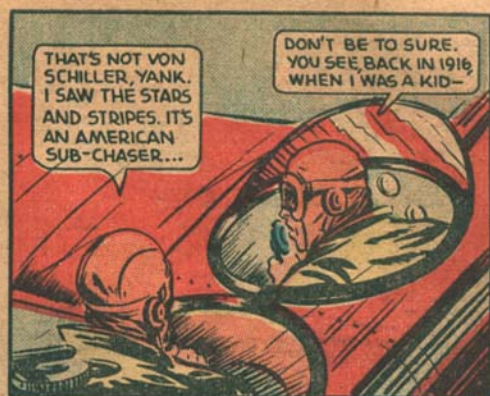
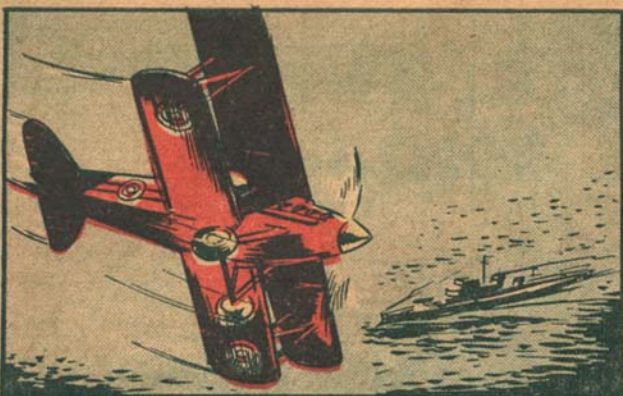
RIDICULOUS! IN THOSE MINE FIELDS? WELL, WE HAVE REASON TO BELIEVE THAT VON SCHILLER WILL STRIKE WITHIN AN HOUR. DON'T COME BACK WITHOUT HIM....

WHAT DID THE OLD MAN SAY?

GET VON SCHILLER-OR ELSE!

YOU'RE FLYING AS THOUGH YOU WERE REALLY MAD, YANK!

I AM, GRIMES. I'M GOING TO GET VON SCHILLER-NOT BECAUSE THE MAJOR WANTS HIM- BECAUSE I DO.



THAT'S NOT VON SCHILLER, YANK. I SAW THE STARS AND STRIPES. IT'S AN AMERICAN SUB-CHASER...

DON'T BE TOO SURE. YOU SEE BACK IN 1916 WHEN I WAS A KID-



HOW WOULD YOU LIKE TO SPEND THE SUMMER ON MY DAD'S SCHOONER OFF THE GRAND BANK, BEN?

SWELL, JACK--IF IT'S ALL RIGHT WITH MY MOTHER.



PLEASE MRS. JOHNSON HE'LL BE SAFE WITH MY FATHER.

WELL--ALL RIGHT--GUESS HE WILL BE.

GOSH! THANKS MOTHER, NOW WE CAN LEAVE!



THIS TIME TOMORROW BEN, WE'LL BE FAR OUT INTO THE SEA.

AND WE'LL HAVE CAUGHT HUNDREDS OF FISH--MAYBE!



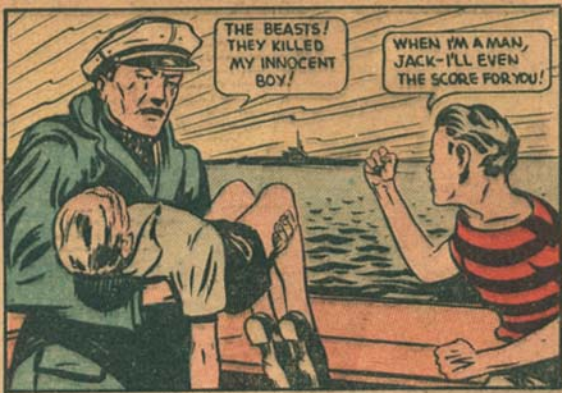
THERE'S NO PLACE IN THE WORLD SO PEACEFUL AND QUIET, BOYS AS THE OLD DEVIL SEA.



SUDDENLY A TORPEDO STRIKES AMIDSHIPS...



BREAKING THRU THE VEIL OF FOG, A SUBMARINE FLYING THE AMERICAN FLAG APPEARS...



THE BEASTS!
THEY KILLED
MY INNOCENT
BOY!

WHEN I'M A MAN,
JACK—I'LL EVEN
THE SCORE FOR YOU!

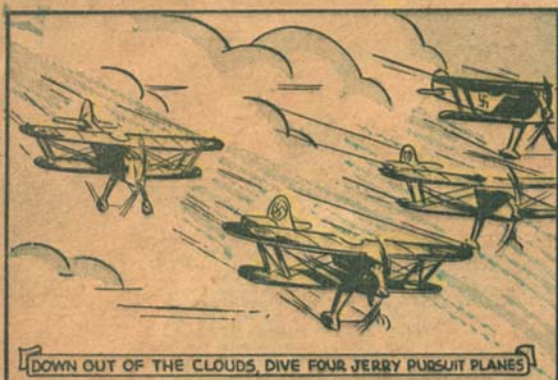


AND IT WASN'T UNTIL YEARS AFTERWARDS
THAT I FOUND OUT A YOUNG GERMAN,
CAPTAIN VON SCHILLER, WAS RESPONSIBLE.



NOW I CAN UNDERSTAND
WHY THERE'S BLOOD IN
YOUR EYES, YANK!

AND IT WON'T COME
OUT UNTIL I AVENGE
MY PAL'S MURDERER!

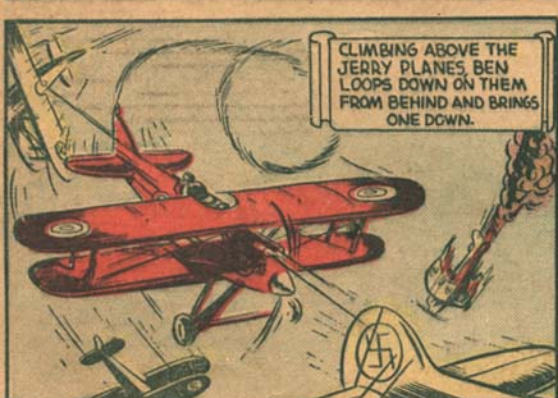


DOWN OUT OF THE CLOUDS, DIVE FOUR JERRY PURSUIT PLANES!

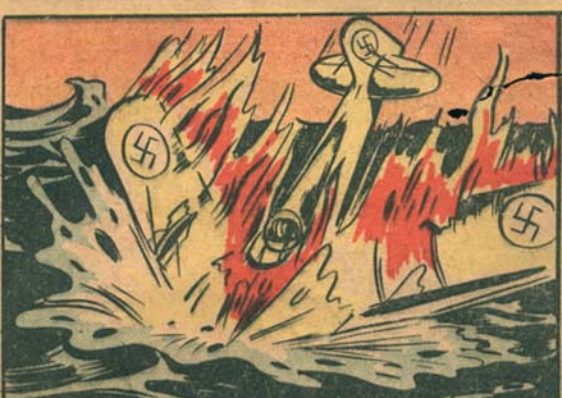


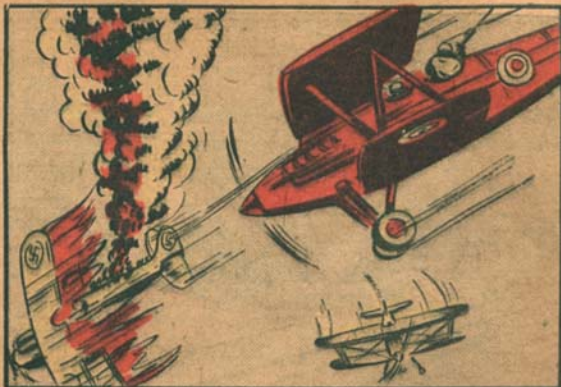
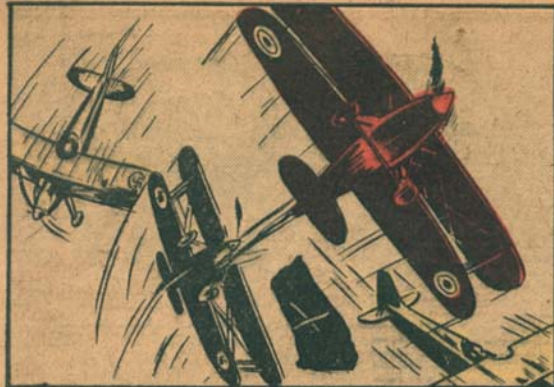
OVER THERE, BEN—
FOUR JERRIES!

I SEE THEM—WE'VE
GOT TO GET ALTITUDE—
WE MUST!

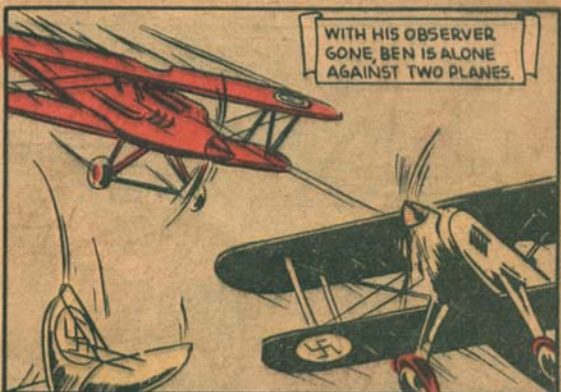


CLIMBING ABOVE THE
JERRY PLANES, BEN
LOOPS DOWN ON THEM
FROM BEHIND AND BRINGS
ONE DOWN.





WE GOT ANOTHER ONE, YANK! LET'S-
UH...OOOH-



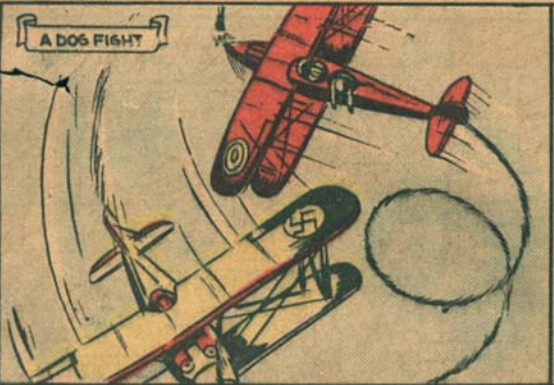
WITH HIS OBSERVER GONE,
BEN IS ALONE
AGAINST TWO PLANES.



ACH DU LIEBER!



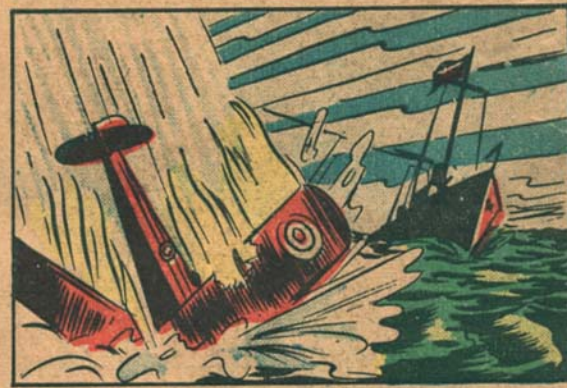
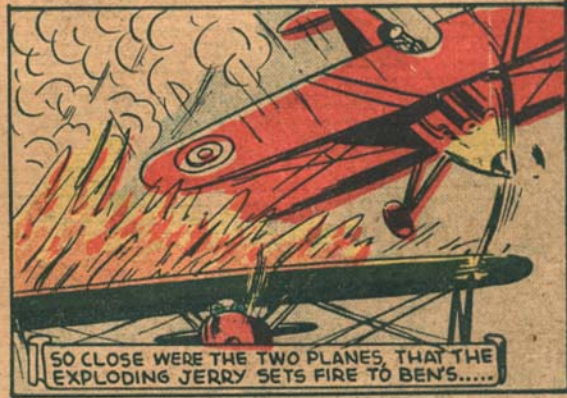
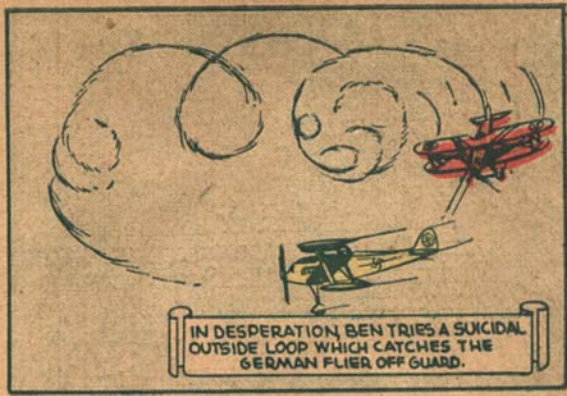
AS THE THIRD JERRY PLANE TUMBLES INTO THE
SEA, BEN HAS ONLY ONE MORE TO FACE...



A DGS FIGHT



FOR NEARLY AN HOUR BEN
JOCKEYS FOR POSITION, BUT HE'S
MATCHED TRICK FOR TRICK -



MURDER

by
KEN FITCH

RAP



"Lucky" Coyne, plainclothesman, was ascending the station-house steps when Harry Green, another detective, laughing to himself, passed the station-house door and started down the steps towards Coyne.

"Honest, 'Lucky,' I thought I'd bowl over laughing at how sore the Chief was about Arnold Cardona."

Coyne took out a pack of cigarettes from his pocket and offered one to Green. Even though "Lucky" Coyne was standing a step below Green, he was inches taller than him, for Green was very short, very squat. As Green took a cigarette from the pack and lighted it, Coyne remarked casually, "I suppose Reginald Lance forgot all he was supposed to remember."

"You guessed it," Green exclaimed. "You're good. Somebody must have scared the little squirt plenty, because it didn't make any difference to him if the chief yelled his head off. He swore he didn't recognize Cardona as the man he saw breaking into the jewelry store. He looked right at the Rogues' Gallery picture of Cardona and said he never saw the man before."

"Then I guess I won't go in to see the chief right away," said Coyne. "The news I got on the Wright case is not too comforting."

"Yeah, you better not is right," Green advised. "The funniest part of all is that Cardona almost looked sorry that they weren't going to hang the stick-up on him."

With a wave of his thick, fleshy hand, Green took his leave of Coyne, bouncing to the sidewalk on his short, apelike legs. Coyne leaned his broad shoulders against the huge base of a towering marble column and drew the cigarette pack from his pocket. Fishing one from the pack, he struck a match and lit it. He kept his eye on the station-house door, the while puffing his cigarette, and when the dapper figure of Cardona stepped outside the station-house door, he ducked behind the marble pillar.

The dark-striped, expensively tailored suit worn by the gangster was molded to his body like a snake's skin. Below the slouched light gray fedora Cardona's cruel thin lips curved in a disdainful sneer. On the sidewalk he hailed a cab with quick motions of long thin fingers. As the vehicle pulled away from the curb, Coyne took the steps three at a time. When another taxi drew up, he snapped, "Follow that *Dotted Cab* and if you lose it I'll break your neck."

The driver started off in second and called back over his shoulder, "Better get your change ready. I figure you'll be leavin' fast when I stop."

They went downtown and over three blocks on Raphael Street before Coyne said, "All right. Stop here."

When he got out, Cardona was a block and a half ahead of him, and entering the *Belladonna*, a swanky hotel, whose management had a reputation for keeping its mouth closed to the right parties. Coyne paid the driver and walked on down to the lobby.

The Belladonna had one of those small lobbies with the clerk's desk near the door, but "Lucky" Coyne went straight across the heavy plush carpet to the elevator and asked for the fourth floor. At 421 he rapped on the door. There was a stir inside and then Cardona's voice asked, "Who is it?"

"Room service," said Coyne. "A telegram for Mr. Cardona."

The lock snapped and the detective had his toe in the crack as soon as the door opened. With his shoulder he pushed his weight against the unsuspecting Cardona and buried the end of his Colt into the middle of the flashy little thug. Cardona stepped back and Coyne eased in and slammed the door shut.

"Put 'em up, all of you," he commanded.

It was a rather small room and crowded with the three other men. Coyne recognized Lou Cardona, Arnold's brother and lieutenant, Mat Ganz, a big gorilla, whose neck muscles bulged and made his collar look too tight for him, and a short stocky guy called Giza Vidu. Lou Cardona had started for his gun, but thought better of it after seeing the hard glint in Coyne's eye. Arnold Cardona's face paled a little.

"All of you face the wall and keep your hands in the air." The metallic rasping harshness of Coyne's words left no room for argument. The detective ran deft fingers over their bodies, removing their guns. "All right, Cardona, you'd better come clean and produce Dotty Wright. This gun of mine goes off easy—on rats."

Arnold Cardona swung around, a smile of feigned surprise on his lips.

"You got me wrong, dick. I don't know anything about her. Honest, Coyne. . ."

"Cut it," Coyne roared. "You're hiding her out and I intend to take her away with me if I have to shoot this place full of holes."

"But I tell you. . ."

"Do I have to show you?" "Lucky" Coyne snarled.

A small door opened at the end of the room. Coyne's eyes flicked toward it for just a moment. Dotty Wright came out herself, her face white and her eyes flashing anger. She was about eighteen and looked as if she had been plenty spoiled. There was a pout on her pretty, but heavily rouged, lips. She was a natural blonde with a clear light complexion, but her chin sloped inward and gave her the appearance of being wilful and a little weak. Arnold Cardona swore under his breath.

"Well, here I am, cop." Dotty didn't say the words; she hashed them like a cat.

"You're coming with me," Coyne told her.

"Oh, am I?" she retorted. "Get this, you. I'm staying here with Arnold and you're not going to stop me. In fact, you might be interested in knowing that we're going to be married."

The muscles in Coyne's cheeks began to jump and he took a couple of steps in her direction.

"I'm taking you with me if I have to drag you out of here," he countered. "And the first one of you mugs who tries anything is going to get the heat turned on him."

As he stepped nearer to her, Dotty ran toward Arnold Cardona and threw her arms about him, protecting him with her body. As she moved, she drew a gun from the pocket of her tailored coat and shoved it into Cardona's hands. Cardona blazed out with the weapon. Coyne dodged to one side so that the bullet just missed him. He was in a spot, for he couldn't fire at Cardona without hitting the girl.

In the moment when his attention was diverted, Mat Ganz sprang forward and bumped him hard. Coyne smacked against the wall. Lou Cardona jumped in and wanged the gun out of his hand. Coyne struck out with a hard right that caught Ganz on the chin and caused the bones in his knuckles to snap. Ganz swore and rushed in at Coyne again. Lou Cardona made a grab at the detective's feet and Coyne let go a kick that caught the lieutenant in the face. Cardona cried out in pain.



Arnold Cardona had sprung to the table near the door where Russell had set the guns taken from the others. Ganz and Coyne were roughing it together as Vidu caught the detective about the waist. Coyne tripped backward over a chair and the three spilled to the floor, Coyne going down on the bottom. But as he fell, he caught at the chair seat, shoved it in Ganz's face. Ganz let go and Coyne kicked Vidu in the middle. All the while he could hear Dotty screaming in a frightened voice, "Don't kill him, please! Arnold, stop them!"

Coyne strained to his feet as Arnold Cardona came up, holding a gun at him. Coyne saw the futility of trying to fight and raised his hands. Vidu, who had doubled over with the wind knocked out of him straightened up and rushed in, shouting, "You lousy cop, I'm gonna kill you!" He sent a straight to the jaw that caught the detective with his arms down. Coyne groaned as his head snapped back, fell over against the wall.

"Let 'im have it!" Ganz growled.

"No, not now," Cardona said. "Tie 'im up! We'll take him where nobody can put the finger on us!"

"Arnold," the girl cut in, "you're not. . ."

Cardona went to her and patted her shoulder.

"Don't you worry, baby," he soothed her. "It won't be half as bad as he deserves!"

"But. . ." she protested.

Cardona brought the flat of his hand against her face. The girl cried out in pain.

"Get this," he shouted. "No frail is gonna stand in Cardona's way! You're in this just as much as I am. If the louse had minded his business it wouldn't happen to him!"

"Oh. . ." Dotty cried. "Oh, now. . ."

Lou Cardona had come up from the floor, rubbing his jaw, his eyes running. Ganz was holding Coyne at the point of a gun, when Vidu came in with a rope. Lou Cardona held his wrists while Vidu tied the detective's hands and ankles. Arnold came forward and took the gun from Ganz's hand.



"Take a look in the hall and see if it's clear," he commanded. "We can go down the back stairs and into the garage, once we get out of the main corridor."

"Now?" Vidu asked. Cardona nodded and the thug growled and undid Coyne's ankles.

Ganz came back from the door and said, "It's clear now, chief."

Dotty Wright had slumped in a chair and was blubbering crazily. Ganz and Vidu put their guns inside their coats, but kept their hands on them. One got on each side of Russell and Lou Cardona followed up in the rear. "Walk and don't try to get away," Lou Cardona ordered.

"You don't think you can get away with this, do you?" Coyne said coldly. Arnold Cardona laughed without feeling and replied, "You're all washed up, cop." Then he grabbed the girl by the wrist. She winced and tried to draw away.

"You're coming, too, baby. You're going to see how it is with people who try to cross Cardona."

"Lucky" Coyne went on down the corridor with his bodyguard. Arnold Cardona and Dotty Wright followed up in the rear. They entered the rear elevator, which was automatic and Cardona pushed the button for the basement.

They filed through a door in the basement wall and entered a garage. A big black limousine stood near the open garage entrance. There were a few attendants about, but when they saw Cardona, they walked on toward the other end of the garage. Vidu climbed in the back seat. Then Cardona ordered Dotty to the middle place, after which Ganz got in. There were two side seats and Coyne got in and was told to take one of them. Arnold Cardona took the other. Lou Cardona was driving.

The motor roared and the heavy car swept out of the garage. To all appearances it might have been merely a group of jovial politicians out for an evening drive. The car swept down through the city, took a road off the main boulevard, wound over a series of the more poorly populated streets and then crossed the railroad tracks. The road now was less crowded for they were nearing the salt flats near the city dump.

Dotty Wright sat trembling between Ganz and Vidu. Cardona looked back and laughed. He leaned over and patted her hand.

"Don't get scared, baby," he said. "You'll get used to this."

Dotty recoiled and drew her hand away. Ganz and Vidu laughed. The car took a sharp turn to the right straight across the flats. It was growing dusk now. Cardona leaned down and opened a compartment down near the floor. His hand reached beneath the front seat of the limousine and when he drew it out, he held a devilish-looking tommy gun.

Dotty screamed and Ganz placed his hand over her mouth. "Shut that dame up!" snarled Cardona. Turning his attention to Coyne, he said, "You get a chance to run. If you can beat the range of this thing, you're good."

"Thanks," replied Coyne. There were no buildings anywhere in sight now and Lou Cardona turned around and looked at his brother.

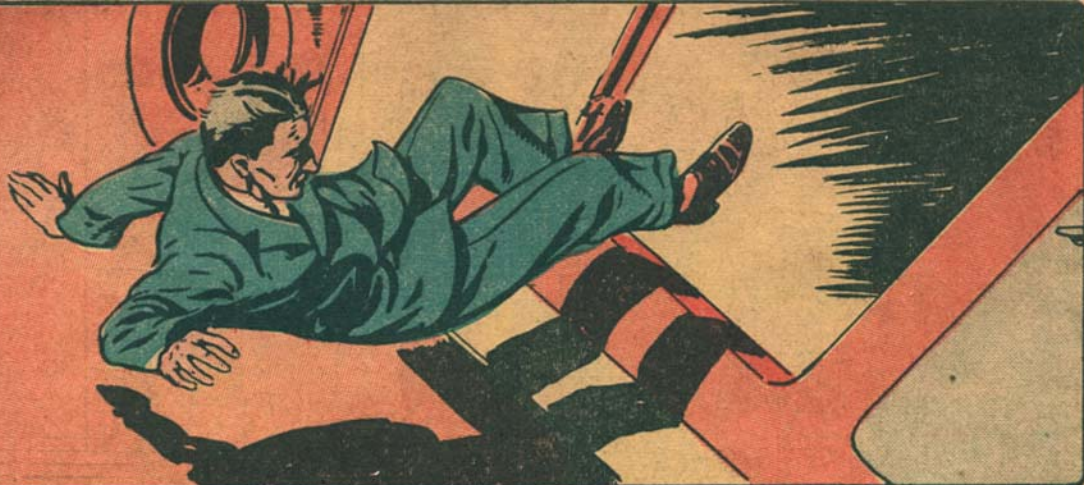
"Not yet," Arnold said. "Keep going till I tell you."

The girl had grown hysterical and the two men. Ganz and Vidu were having trouble keeping her quiet. Coyne watched Cardona and knew that if he made any move it would be all too easy to pull the trigger. Yet, he was desperate and his actions came of a certain desperation. He ducked suddenly toward Cardona, who backed away unconsciously. In that second, Coyne slipped from the seat and threw himself across the laps of Ganz and Vidu—and of course Dotty Wright. Dotty screamed, and Arnold turned the gun.

"Don't shoot—don't!" yelled Ganz. "Hold him there!" shouted Arnold to Cardona.

In a swift motion of his legs, Coyne caught the point of his shoe against Cardona's chin. Cardona slipped off the seat. Vidu and Ganz grabbed him. Coyne kept his body moving frantically. Cardona started to rise and Coyne kicked him in the wind as he previously had done to his brother, sent him against the car door. In the struggle, he realized that Dotty was tugging at the ropes on his wrists. He gave a mental shout as he felt the bindings slip loose.

His first act was to raise his arm and catch Ganz by the throat. The big man brought his automatic up from his pocket and raised it in the air. "Lucky" Coyne turned his head as the metal came down, missing by only a slight fraction of an inch from sending him into unconsciousness and into another world. He had his foot in Vidu's face and he straightened his leg. Vidu's head snapped back. As Ganz's gun clipped down on his shoulder, he twisted his hand and snatched it.



Ganz's powerful arm caught him by the throat. Coyne raised the gun and fired through the glass partition. Lou Cardona slumped forward and the limousine began to zig-zag across the open flats. Arnold Cardona cursed and sprang toward him. Coyne sent his free foot out and tripped the chief, who came sprawling on top of them. Russell toed at the door handles and finally it swung open. Kicking, he pushed out the tommy gun.

By now the car had slowed down as the dead Lou Cardona's pressure eased from the accelerator.

"Lucky" Coyne stiffened his legs, sent Arnold Cardona backward, out onto the flats. Ganz caught him by the hair and hauled him back as he tried to follow. The big mug pounded his fists down on him again and again, but Coyne was mad now and his strength seemed to be limitless. He twisted his body and got his feet on the floor, began battering at Ganz's sweating face with all his might. Vidu came at him and he straight-armed him back onto the seat. Bringing Ganz's gun down hard first on the owner's skull and then on Vidu's, he felt their grips lessen.

As he stepped out of the car, he caught a faint glimpse of Dotty Wright, huddled in the seat, her clothes torn, her face masked in terror. He drew his gun up as he landed on his feet. A dozen yards away Arnold Cardona stood, blazing at him. A sharp pain ran through his leg above the knee. Coyne dropped down, giving the chief crook all the bullets he had, but keeping his head in spite of the pain of his wound. He saw Cardona drop and try to rise and then drop down and lay still.

The limousine had jerked to a stop and Coyne ran limping toward it. Ganz and Vidu were still out. He began tying them with the rope that had bound his wrists.

"Can you drive this crate?" he asked Dotty. She shuddered, but nodded. "Then I'll haul Lou Cardona into the back and we'll pick up Arnold when you turn around. Then drive like the devil for headquarters."

When Harry Green and Captain Sullivan came out to the car at the urgent request of Dotty Wright, they found "Lucky" Coyne holding his leg in an agony of pain.

"It's a nice mess," Coyne grunted. "Let me get it off my chest and then I want a doctor."

"Can you walk a little?" asked Captain Sullivan.

"Yeah, let's go."

Coyne sat on the chair before Sullivan and Green and Dotty Wright.

"This isn't going to be easy on you, Dotty," Coyne began. "But, darn it, you're the cause of it and you'll have to learn to take it."

"I know, I know," she sobbed. "I . . . thought—"

"But not soon enough. It . . . it . . . darn it, Captain, you tell her."

Captain Sullivan was a man of little tact. "It cost your mother her life," he said unemotionally. Dotty screamed. Sullivan went on, "She didn't like you going around with Cardona. Of course, even she didn't know that he was mixed up in the rackets. But she went to him and told him she was going to have him arrested, said she was going to tell her husband—your father. She had tried to straighten it out herself, because she was afraid that your father would blame her for the whole thing, especially after you went away with him."

"I . . . we were never together," the girl pleaded. "He had just got back when . . ."

"Anyway, when your mother went to him, threatening to expose him, he got afraid that he might be brought up on a kidnaping charge, or something worse. In this state that means the chair. Besides his record would go against him. So that very night that you went away with him he murdered your mother. Finding you with him clinches it."

Sullivan looked up as Green caught her as she swooned.

"Give her attention," he said. "It's not necessary for her to hear any more."

"She's learned her lesson," observed Coyne. "If she hadn't undone my ropes, we'd all be out on the dump right now and I doubt if you'd have been able to hang that murder on Cardona. He'd have got rid of the daughter, too, on general principles."

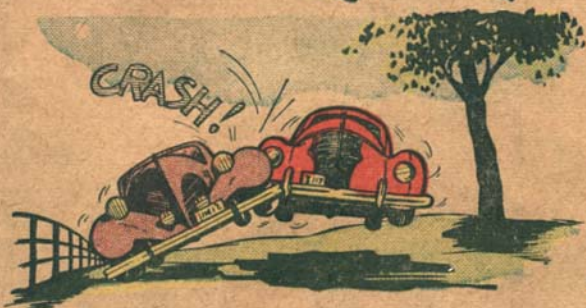
"I don't see yet how you suspected Cardona of snatching Dotty Wright," Green said.

"It is all because I work alone. The time you sent me to Wright's, if you remember, it was the night before she set out for her visit to Cardona. I didn't give the truth in my report, and my apologies, Captain." Sullivan eyed Russell with glaring anger, but he held his tongue. "She told me that her daughter had gone away with Cardona. I told her to let me investigate and did not tell her of Cardona's record, knowing she would go off on some tangent if she knew. But she jumped overboard and threatened him and you know the result. As soon as Cardona had the murder committed, he robbed a jewelry store to give himself an alibi."

"Then that Reginald Lance did know something, the bum, and got scared out of giving his testimony? I don't see why Cardona would want to have him scared away, though, if he wanted to get the rap."

Coyne laughed. "Well, if you must know, I'm the one who scared Lance. Called him on the phone and warned him. I knew if Cardona was indicted for larceny, he might be held up for a couple of days trying to get bail. Maybe only a day, but in that time it would be hard to say what might have happened to Dotty or if we'd have ever found her. I had promised Dotty Wright's mother to try and find her daughter . . . and then, I wanted Cardona for a murder rap. . . ."

IT'S REALLY A FACT!



44% OF ALL TRAFFIC ACCIDENTS ARE CAUSED BY CARS BOTH GOING IN THE SAME DIRECTION — ONLY 17% ARE HEAD-ON COLLISIONS —

THE PERISPHERE



—AT THE NEW YORK WORLD'S FAIR IS 200 FEET IN DIAMETER AND SAID TO BE THE LARGEST BALL EVER BUILT BY MAN— IT CONTAINS TWICE AS MUCH SPACE WITHIN AS RADIO CITY MUSIC HALL—

THERE ARE MORE INDIANS IN THE U.S. NOW THAN IN 1865— THEIR NUMBER HAS BEEN INCREASING STEADILY EACH YEAR— TODAY THIS COUNTRY HAS 334,013 INDIANS —



BOB WOOD—



CHARLES "ZIMMY" ZIMMERMAN



—LEGLESS, LONG DISTANCE SWIMMER, WHO NOT ONLY SWIMS, BUT DIVES— "ZIMMY" HOLDS MANY RECORDS— AMONG HIS ACCOMPLISHMENTS IS A 250 MI. HAVANA TO MIAMI SWIM!

KWQUESTION KORNER

WHICH ONE OF THESE 3 STATEMENTS IS FALSE?



- ① IRELAND HAS NO NATIVE SNAKES.
- ② THE HIPPOPOTAMUS IS A VEGETARIAN —
- ③ HONG-KONG IS A CHINESE CITY.

ANSWER: — 3 IS FALSE — HONG-KONG IS AN ISLAND OFF THE CHINESE COAST— IT WAS CEDED TO ENGLAND IN 1841— SO IS BRITISH!

"LUCKY" COYNE

UNDERCOVER MAN

THE BULL AND HIS GANG OF JEWEL THIEVES HAVE
BROKEN INTO BAT YARDLEY'S HOTEL ROOM--



WHEN YOUR
SWEETIE
SHOWS UP--

YOU WOULDN'T
DARE, BULL.

WEARING A PERFECT DISGUISE, THE MYSTERY
GIRL PASSES HERSELF OFF AS BAT YARDLEY'S
MOLL.



HERE YOU ARE--
KEEP THE
CHANGE.

CHEE...
THANKS,
BOSS!



PULLING A SURPRISE ON THE GANG,
BAT YARDLEY COMES IN THROUGH THE
WINDOW.



PARDON THE
INTRUSION, BOYS.
STICK 'EM UP!

BAT!



TRIPPING ON THE WINDOW SILL, BAT YARDLEY
FALLS TO THE FLOOR. SPRINGING LIKE A
TIGER, BULL POUNCES ON HIM.



ALL RIGHT LOUELLA, OPEN
THE BAG UP SO THESE
MUGGS CAN SEE I GOT
THE STUFF, AND THEN
THEY CAN SHELL
OUT... OR ELSE...



HOW ABOUT IT, BULL?
DO I GET THE DOUGH
OR DON'T I?

YOU WIN.
I'LL PAY...

TAKE THAT!
YOU LUG!



LET'S SCRAM,
LOUELLA.....



WITH THE FORCE OF A TORNADO BAT MAKES
HIS WAY OUT OF THE ROOM....

MAKE IT
FAST, DRIVER.



BAT AND LOUELLA LEAVE FOR BAT'S
APARTMENT.

YOU STAY HERE...

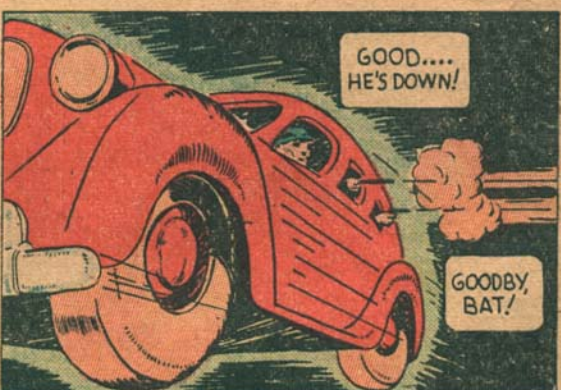
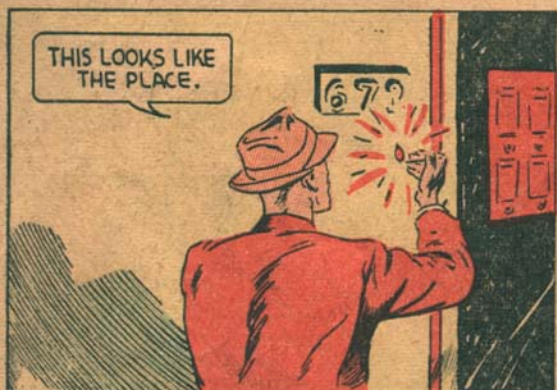
BUT WHERE
ARE YOU
GOING?



I'M GOING OUT
TO COLLECT....

OH....





ANYWAY, THEY GAVE ME THE ADDRESS, ALL RIGHT... DIDN'T KNOW THEY WERE DOING ME A FAVOR!



SNEAKING UP TO THE DOOR, BAT SUDDENLY PUSHES IT OPEN.



WE MEET AGAIN, BULL...



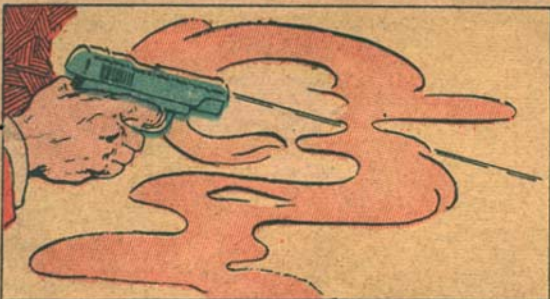
ONE OF THE GANG FALLS TO THE FLOOR AND FIRES ON BAT.



BULLETS ARE GONE...!



ONE BY ONE, BAT SHOTS THE GANG DOWN — ALL EXCEPT 'BULL'.



OUT OF AMMUNITION, BAT MEETS BULL'S RUSH WITH A SAVAGE RIGHT.



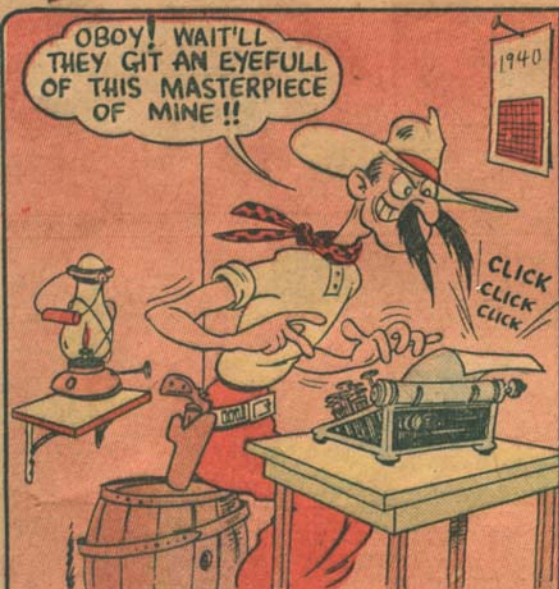
THE COPS! YOU'RE CRAZY, BAT. THEY WANT YOU FOR MURDER!



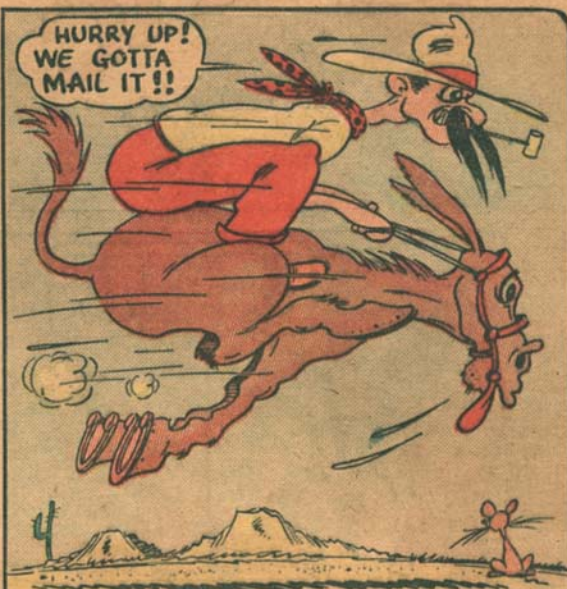
GIVE ME POLICE HEADQUARTERS. HELLO... SEND THE WAGON OVER... YES, ON HARLEY STREET...



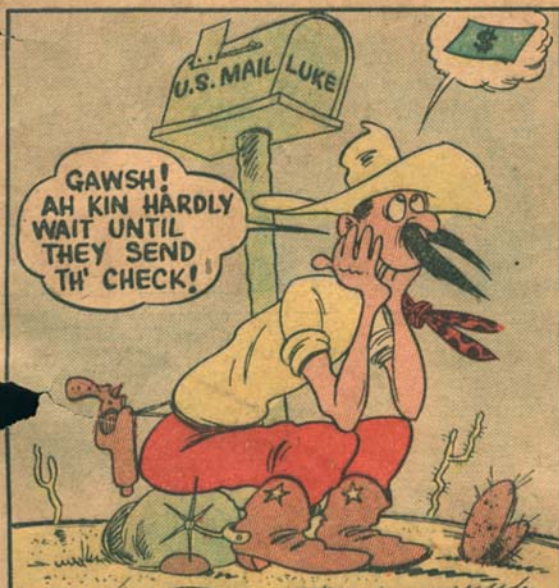
LONESOME LUKE



SAID LONESOME LUKE, "I THINK THAT I WILL WRITE SOME PRETTY POEMS— AND SEND THEM TO A MAGAZINE THAT GOES TO ALL THE HOMES!"



AND SO HE WROTE OF MOON & JUNE AND SKY ABOVE SO BLUE, — SAID HE, "A GENIUS I MUST BE TO WRITE STUFF AS I DO!"



AND WITH HIS POEM HE SENT A NOTE— "A POET IS JUST BORN!" THE MAN WHO OWNS THE MAGAZINE RECEIVED IT THERE NEXT MORN



HE READ IT AND HE SENT IT BACK, AND WITH IT THIS REPLY— "WE BOTH AGREE A POET'S BORN BUT NO ONE KNOWS JUST WHY!!"

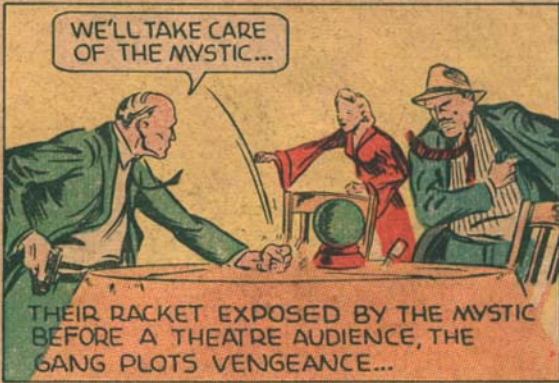
The MYSTIC

IN THE BACK ROOM OF A PHONY GYPSY FORTUNE TELLER'S TEA ROOM...



THAT MYSTIC OVER AT THE THEATRE HAS RUINED US!

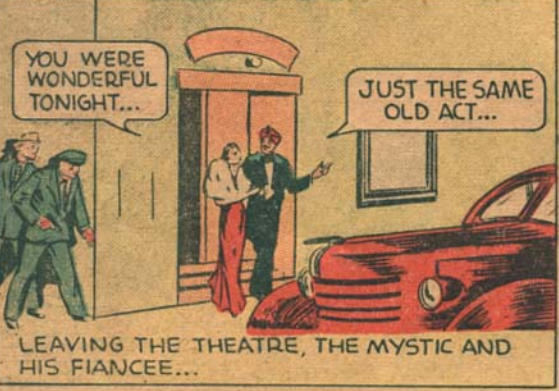
WE'LL TAKE CARE OF THE MYSTIC...



THEIR RACKET EXPOSED BY THE MYSTIC BEFORE A THEATRE AUDIENCE, THE GANG PLOTS VENGEANCE...

YOU WERE WONDERFUL TONIGHT...

JUST THE SAME OLD ACT...



LEAVING THE THEATRE, THE MYSTIC AND HIS FIANCEE...

TAKE THAT!



HELP! HELP!



THE MYSTIC SHOWS THEM HE CAN USE HIS HANDS AS WELL AS HIS HEAD...

THAT TAKES CARE OF YOU!



... BUT THE THUGS SUBDUE HIM BY FOUL TACTICS.



BOUND AND GAGGED, THE MYSTIC AND HIS FIANCEE ARE DRIVEN TO THE GANG'S HIDEOUT.



TWO HOURS LATER THEY ARRIVE...



GET IN THERE!

AH! WELCOME HOME, FOLKS!



MAYBE THIS'LL TEACH YOU TO MIND YOUR OWN BUSINESS!

OOOH!



STRUGGLING TO SLIP HIS BONDS...

I MUST GET LOOSE!



OUCH! OOOH!

WHILE THE GUN MOLL IS MISTREATING THE GIRL, THE MYSTIC FREES HIMSELF...



YOU FORGOT THAT I ESCAPE FROM STRAIT-JACKETS!..PART OF MY VAUDEVILLE ACT!



WE'LL BE OUT OF HERE IN A MOMENT.

THANK GOODNESS! THOUGHT SHE'D KILL ME.

HE SIEZES THE STRUGGLING GUN MOLL AND TIES AND GAGS HER.

HEAR THE
DAME YELL?
HAW! MAZIE'LL
GIVE IT TO HER.

THINK WE BETTER
DROWN THEM IN
THE RIVER!



IN ANOTHER ROOM IN THE HIDEOUT...

WE'RE OFF,
DARLING!

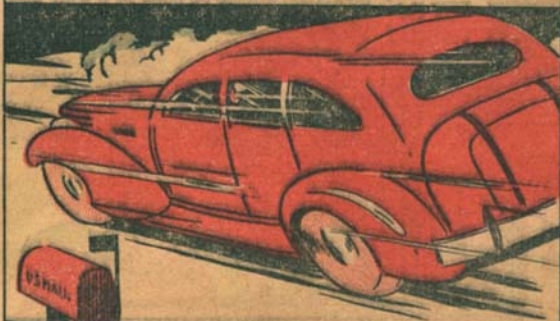


THEY GOT
AWAY!



HEARING THE PURR OF THE MOTOR, THE
THUGS DASH TO THE WINDOW...

INTO THE CAR THE COUPLE JUMP, AND
IN A MOMENT THEY ARE OFF...



LOOK IN THE
MIRROR, WE'RE
BEING FOLLOWED!

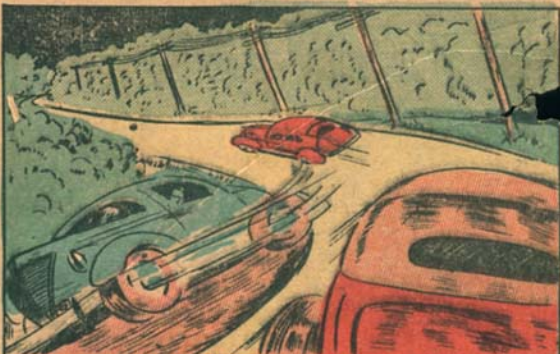


WHAT THEY SAW...



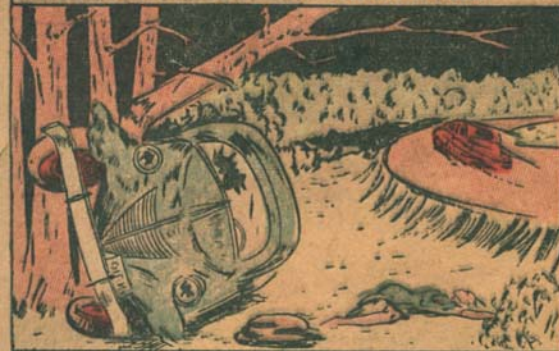
CLOSE IN PURSUIT ARE THE THUGS...

WE'RE GAINING,
CHUCK!



DOWN THE ROAD THE CARS ROAR, THROTTLES
WIDE OPEN, WHEN A PASSING CAR IS FORCED...

..OFF THE ROAD BY THE THUGS CAR...



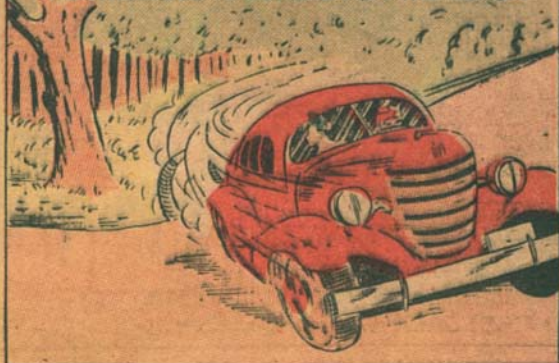
SWERVING TO AVOID HITTING A TRUCK, HE GOES OFF THE ROAD, NARROWLY MISSING A TREE.



LOOK OUT!



THEN MANAGES TO GET BACK ON THE ROAD...



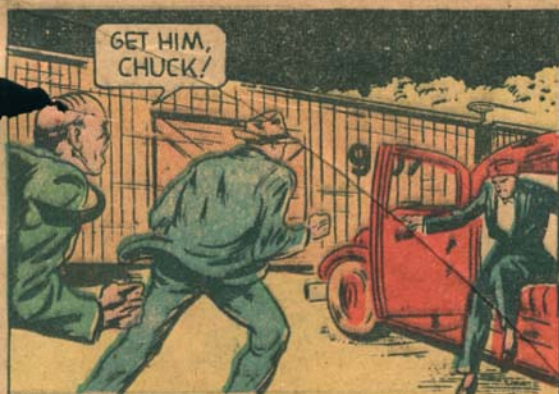
NOW WE ARE STOPPED!



WE'VE GOT 'EM NOW!



GET HIM, CHUCK!



IN A FIERCE HAND TO HAND ENCOUNTER...

THE MYSTIC IS AGAIN THE VICTIM OF FOUL PLAY..



FINDING A COLLAPSIBLE COFFIN THE MYSTIC USED IN HIS ACT ON THE REAR OF HIS CAR, THE THUGS ASSEMBLE IT.....



NICE OF THE GUY TO CARRY HIS OWN COFFIN WITH HIM...



THEY THROW THE COFFIN INTO THE RIVER...

WELL, THAT'S THE END OF THE MYSTIC AND OUR TROUBLE.



WHEE! THAT WAS A CLOSE ONE!

BUT THE MYSTIC ESCAPES AND SWIMS TO SHORE.



AT LAST HE AND HIS SWEETHEART ARE SAFE!

POOR KID-SHE'S STILL OUT COLD.



IT'S LIKE A BAD DREAM...YOU SAY THEY PUT ME IN A COFFIN...HOW DID WE GET OUT?

LATER IN THE MYSTIC'S BACHELOR APARTMENT.



IT WAS A CINCH! SEE THE SIDE PANEL-THAT'S HOW I MAKE MY ESCAPE DURING MY ACT!

PUZZLETES.

① _____ ② _____
③ _____ ④ _____ ⑤ _____



**AGHIE
EEELMOP
RTY**

TRY TO SPELL FIVE THREE-LETTER WORDS THAT ARE NAMES OF PARTS OF THE HUMAN BODY BY USING ALL OF THE 15 LETTERS SHOWN ABOVE TO SPELL OUT THE WORDS.

T	A	A	S	B	O
N	D	D	N	E	E

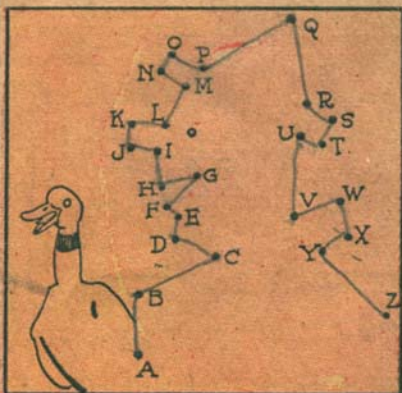
BILLY THE GOAT

IF YOU PRINT THE NAME OF A CERTAIN RACE OF PEOPLE IN THE EMPTY SQUARES ACROSS, THE COMBINED LETTERS READING DOWNWARD WILL FORM SIX THREE-LETTER WORDS.



P	A	N
_____	_____	_____
_____	_____	_____
_____	_____	_____
_____	_____	_____
_____	_____	_____
_____	_____	_____
_____	_____	_____

JOCKO'S BLOCKS SPELL PAINT. BUT HE CAN TAKE THREE BLOCKS FROM THE FIVE, TEN DIFFERENT TIMES, AND SPELL TEN THREE-LETTER WORDS. THIS WILL BE FUN FOR THE BOYS AND GIRLS IN THE FIRST GRADE. "PAN" WAS PUT THERE TO GIVE YOU A START.



THE ARTIST FORGOT TO FINISH THIS PICTURE. TAKE YOUR PENCIL, START AT "A" THEN CONTINUE ON TO "Z". YOU'LL HAVE A GOOD LAUGH.

JOCKO'S BLOCKS: THE WORDS ARE - PAN, NAP, PAT, PIN, TIN, ANT, PIT, TAN, APT, TAP



HOW TO DRAW A DONKEY-----

T	A	S	B	O
N	D	D	N	E

THE WORD
IN THE CENTER
IS INDIAN.

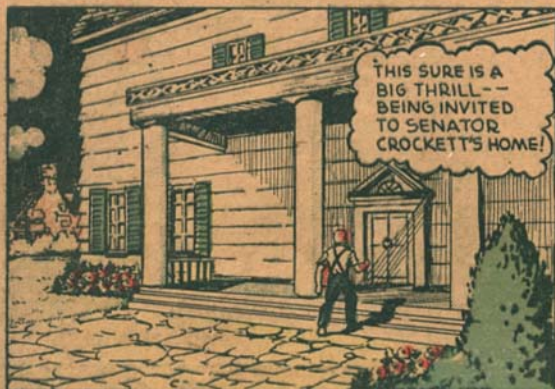
ANATOMICAL PROBLEM.
HIP, LEG, EYE, TOE, AND
ARM - CAN BE SPELLED
WITH THE GIVEN LETTERS.

SOLUTIONS

The WEST POINTER

KEITH KORNELL, MENTAL
AND PHYSICAL MARVEL

FROM THE HILLS OF KENTUCKY, RECEIVES
AN APPOINTMENT TO WEST POINT.



THIS SURE IS A
BIG THRILL --
BEING INVITED
TO SENATOR
CROCKETT'S HOME!

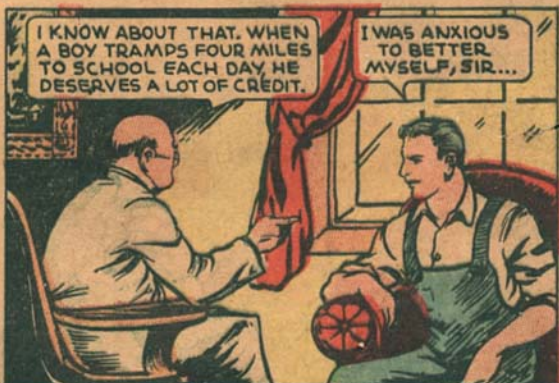


KEITH KORNELL, 19-YEAR-
OLD KENTUCKY MOUN-
TAINNER, IS A COLLATERAL
DESCENDANT OF PRESIDENT
ANDREW JACKSON. SON
OF A WORLD WAR HERO,
KEITH WAS ORPHANED
AT THE AGE OF 5, WHEN
BOTH OF HIS PARENTS
SUCCEEDED TO THE
RAVAGES OF PNEUMONIA
EPIDEMIC, REARED BY A
POOR RELATIVE, KEITH'S
LIFE HAS BEEN ONE OF
DIRE POVERTY...



SON THE EDITOR OF THE
TIMES-DISPATCH TOLD ME
YOUR STORY-YOUR WONDER-
FUL SCHOLASTIC RECORD, THE
HARDSHIPS YOU ENDURED--

I DIDN'T MIND
THE HARDSHIPS,
SIR...



I KNOW ABOUT THAT. WHEN
A BOY TRAMPS FOUR MILES
TO SCHOOL EACH DAY, HE
DESERVES A LOT OF CREDIT.

I WAS ANXIOUS
TO BETTER
MYSELF, SIR...

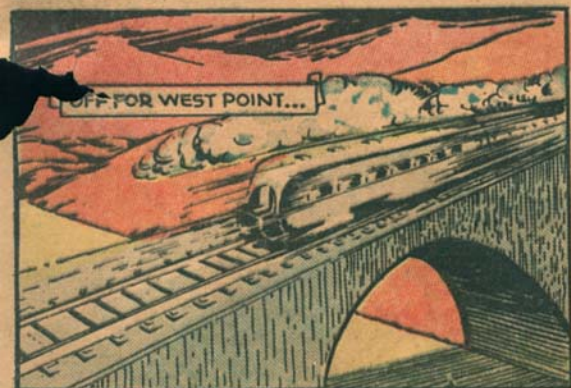
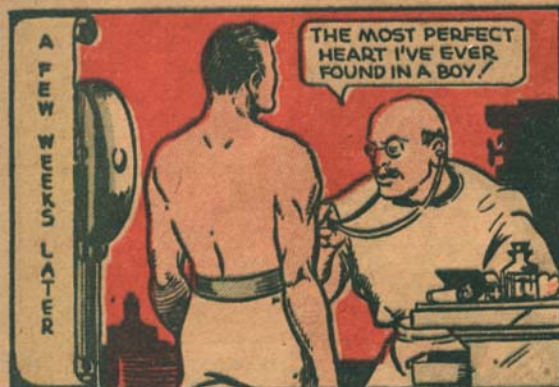
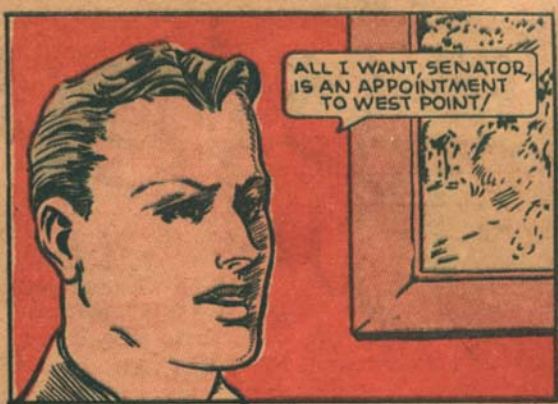


I INVITED YOU HERE, KEITH,
FOR A REASON. YOU'VE
PROVED YOUR WORTH TO
SOCIETY NOW IT'S UP TO
SOCIETY TO PROVE IT'S
WORTH TO YOU. WHAT CAN
WE DO TO HELP YOU GET
A START IN LIFE?



WELL, SENATOR, MY FATHER
WAS AN ARMY OFFICER--
CAPTAIN IN THE 77TH DIVISION,
THE "BLUE GRASS MOUNTAIN-
EERS".

LAND SAKE!
YOU'RE NOT
THE SON OF--



THE WEST POINTER

PERFECT FIT, KEITH!



TARGET PRACTICE...

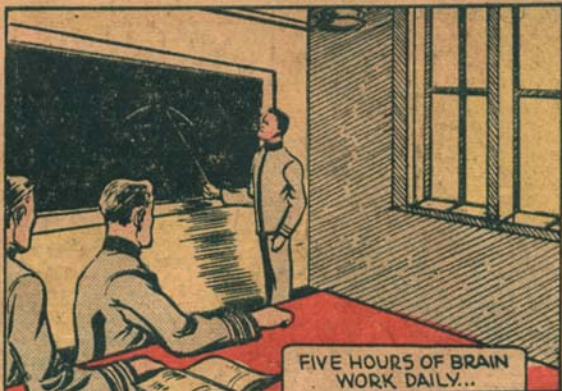


THE LIFE OF A CADET IS A HARD ONE. HOURS OF TEDIOUS WORK...

FORWARD MARCH!



FIVE HOURS OF BRAIN WORK DAILY...



IN THE MESS HALL...



HOURS OF BONING UP...



SO THEY PLAY FOOTBALL DOWN IN KENTUCKY, EH?

WELL, NOT AS GOOD AS YOU FELLOWS IN THE EAST PLAY IT, I GUESS.



STOP THE HILL BILLY FELLOWS!





ATTA BOY KEITH-SHOW THE WISE GUYS UP!



THRU THE LINE-



LOOK AT THE HILL BILLY GO! HE'S DYNAMITE!



ELUDING ONE TACKLER, KEITH STRAIGHTARMS THE LAST MAN STANDING AND GOES FOR A TOUCHDOWN...



TOUCHDOWN!



TAKING OFF HIS SHOE, KEITH ATTEMPTS THE CONVERSION BAREFOOTED...



AND IT'S GOOD!



GO TO YOUR ROOM!

JEALOUS OF KEITH'S MAGNIFICENT PLAYS, NED NORTON, VARSITY STAR AND BOXING CHAMP OF THE ACADEMY ATTEMPTS TO BULLY KEITH...

YOU CAN'T
BULLY ME!

THAT, SIR, IS AN
INSULT! I DEMAND
SATISFACTION IN
THE GYMNASIUM!

I'LL TEACH YOU TO RESPECT
AN UPPERCLASSMAN!

KEITH'S DANDER IS
UP—HE'S OUT TO
GET HIS MAN...

HE SWINGS
WITH A
VICIOUS LEFT...

FOLLOWED BY
A TERRIFIC
RIGHT.


LET'S BE FRIENDS,
SIR!

OKAY MR. KORNELL—
YOU'VE PROVEN
YOUR METTLE.

KEITH KORNELL WINS THE RESPECT AND
ADMIRATION OF THE UPPERCLASSMAN...

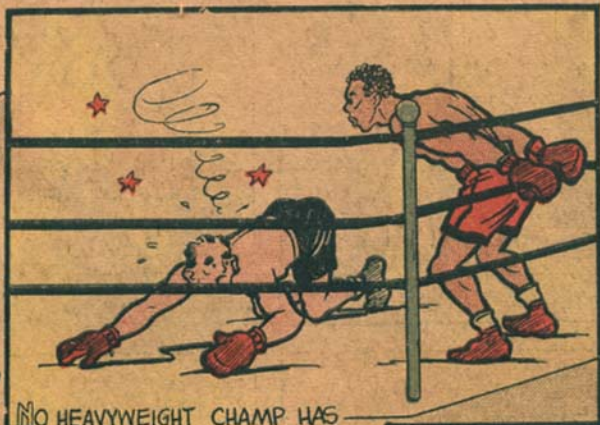


SPEAKING OF SPORTS!



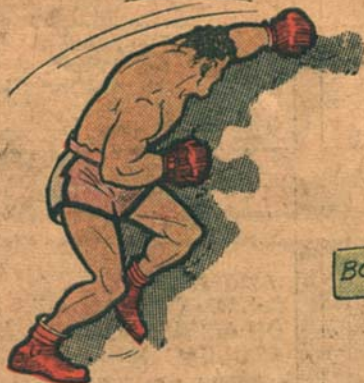
AFTER LUNCH
I GUESS I'LL GO
IN FOR A SWIM!

FEW PEOPLE REALIZE THAT
SKIING IS A POPULAR
SPORT IN HAWAII —



NO HEAVYWEIGHT CHAMP
EVER RECAPTURED THE TITLE
AFTER ONCE LOSING IT, AL-
THOUGH MANY HAVE TRIED—
MAX SCHEMLING WAS THE
LAST TO FAIL IN THE AT-
TEMPT WHEN KAYOED BY
LOUIS IN THE FIRST ROUND.

ALTHOUGH FOOTBALLS
ARE COMMONLY REFERRED
TO AS "PIG-SKINS",
THEY ARE MADE FROM
COWHIDE!



BOB WOOD —

"HENRY ARMSTRONG",
WELTER-WEIGHT CHAMP, AND
CONSIDERED BY MANY THE GREAT-
EST BOXER FOR HIS WEIGHT IN
THE RING TODAY, SHADOW BOXES
4 OR 5 ROUNDS IN HIS DRESSING
ROOM BEFORE EACH FIGHT —



MANHUNTERS!



THIS IS THE FIRST OF A SERIES OF TRUE DETECTIVE CASES, SHOWING WHAT A HUGE PART SCIENCE PLAYS IN RUNNING DOWN THE ENEMIES OF SOCIETY!

CASE 1.

MASTER FORGERS

..by Jack Cole..

COUNTERFEIT CHECKS — HUNDREDS OF THEM — WERE FLOODING MILWAUKEE IN 1937 & 1938 — UNTIL SCIENCE SCORED A VICTORY FOR LAW!



IN OCT. 1937 A MILWAUKEE PRINTING EQUIPMENT CO. WAS ROBBED ONE NIGHT.

UPON DISCOVERY NEXT DAY, THE POLICE WERE NOTIFIED, AND DETECTIVES ROY AND CONNOR ANSWERED THE CALL.

I CAN'T UNDERSTAND WHY ONLY A SMALL PRESS TYPE, AND A CHECK PROTECTOR WERE TAKEN, BUT NO MONEY!

MY GUESS IS THAT WE'LL SOON BE SEEING A LOT OF PHONY CHECKS!

AND SURE ENOUGH, TWO WEEKS LATER, GUS CHECKS BEGAN TO APPEAR—ALL WERE COPIES OF THE PAY-ROLL CHECKS OF THE PRESSED STEEL TANK CO. AND RANGED FROM \$30 TO \$50.

HERE'S A COUPLE OF THE PHONIES CONNOR!

GOOD! LET'S GIVE 'EM THE ONCE-OVER!

JUST AS I THOUGHT! THESE CHECKS WERE PRINTED WITH THE STOLEN MATERIAL!

THE CHECKS WERE THEN TURNED OVER TO A FINGER-PRINT EXPERT.

WELL, TORREN, WHAT'S THE NEWS?



ALL OF THESE CHECKS WERE SIGNED BY THE SAME PERSON!



THE HANDWRITING IS A NEARLY PERFECT IMITATION, AND THE BAD CHECKS ARE FLAWLESS !!!



THE TASK OF COMPARING THE HANDWRITING WITH THAT OF KNOWN CRIMINALS THEN BEGAN.

I'VE GOT IT!



THE FORGER PROVED TO BE ONE ARTHUR WICK, VETERAN FORGER AND ONCE CONVICTED FOR ASSAULT WITH INTENT TO KILL A POLICEMAN



DETECTIVES CONNER AND ROY DROVE OUT TO WICK'S KNOWN ADDRESS.



IS ARTHUR WICK IN?

WHY, YES, HE —



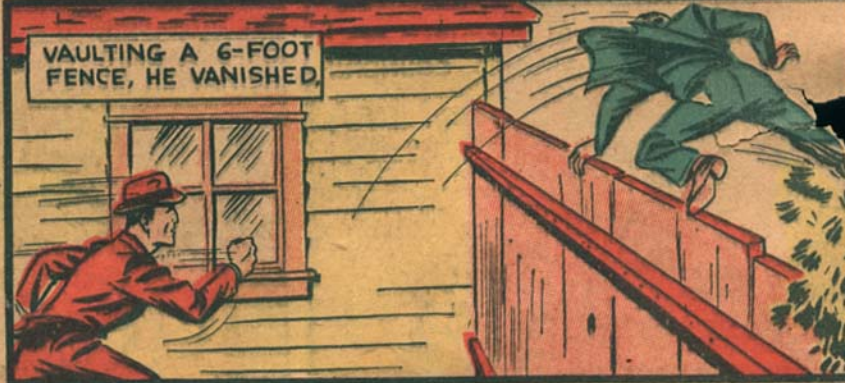
SLAM!



AS HE RAN, WICK DROPPED SOMETHING



VAULTING A 6-FOOT FENCE, HE VANISHED.



NO USE HUNTING FOR HIM ANY LONGER! — LET'S GO BACK AND SEE WHAT HE DROPPED!



HERE IT IS! IT'S A BULLET!



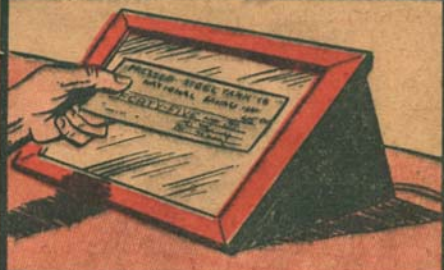
LUCKILY FOR US, HIS GUN WASN'T LOADED! HE WAS TRYING TO LOAD IT ON THE RUN!



BUT THE BAD CHECKS DIDN'T STOP! IN A HIDEAWAY APARTMENT, WICK CONTINUED HIS CHECK FORGING!



AFTER PRINTING SOME BLANK CHECKS, HE WOULD PLACE A GENUINE CHECK ON A GLASS PLATE



THEN HE PLACED THE PHONY CHECK OVER IT, AND PLACED A STRONG LIGHT BEHIND THE PLATE.



THE LIGHT REVEALED THE REAL SIGNATURE THROUGH THE BAD CHECK, MAKING IT A SIMPLE TASK TO TRACE IT!



ON MAR. 12, 1938, A MAN ENTERED SHINNER'S MEAT-MARKET AT WEST VLIET STREET!

COULD I GET THIS CHECK CASHED?



TWO HOURS LATER, A SECOND MAN ENTERED.

WOULD YOU CASH THIS \$31.68 CHECK?



THE CASHIER NOTICED THE CHECK BORE THE SAME SIGNATURE AS THAT OF THE FIRST MAN!!



ONE MOMENT, PLEASE...



EXCUSING HERSELF, SHE CONSULTED THE MANAGER.

HAVE YOU A MEANS OF IDENTIFICATION?

CERTAINLY!-MY DRIVER'S LICENSE AND SOCIAL SECURITY CARD.



I'M SORRY, WE'LL HAVE TO HAVE MORE IDENTIFICATION.

GIMME MY CHECK! I'LL CASH IT ELSEWHERE!!

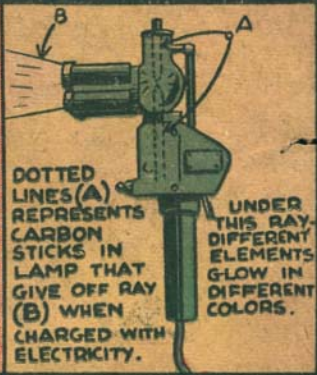


IN HIS HASTE, THE MAN LEFT HIS DRIVER'S CARD AND SOCIAL SECURITY CARD! POLICE CHECKED UP AND FOUND THAT THE SECURITY CARD WAS STOLEN FROM SOMEONE AND THE NAME CHANGED!

NOW LET'S EXAMINE THE DRIVER'S CARD UNDER THE FLUORAY LAMP!



THE FLUORAY IS AN ARC-LAMP THAT GIVES OFF VIOLET RAYS. THESE RAYS WILL DETECT SECRET INKS, BLOODSTAINS, FALSIFICATION OF DOCUMENTS, FAKED OBJECTS OF ART, FORGERIES, ETC. A GREAT WEAPON AGAINST CRIME.



DOTTED LINES(A) REPRESENTS CARBON STICKS IN LAMP THAT GIVE OFF RAY (B) WHEN CHARGED WITH ELECTRICITY.

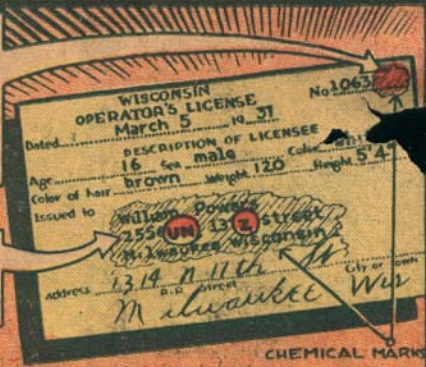
UNDER THIS RAY, DIFFERENT ELEMENTS GLOW IN DIFFERENT COLORS.

LOOK!- THIS ADDRESS HAS BEEN TAMPERED WITH!



THE LAMP SHOWED THAT THE LAST THREE NUMBERS OF THE LICENSE NUMBER HAD BEEN ERASED WITH A POWERFUL CHEMICAL!

THE LETTERS "U", "N" AND "Z" SHOWED PLAINLY UNDER THE ADDRESS.



WISCONSIN OPERATOR'S LICENSE No. 1063
Dated March 5 19 37
DESCRIPTION OF LICENSEE
Age 16 Sex male Color of hair brown Weight 120 Height 5 4
Issued to

255 UN 13 2 Street
M. Swobee Wisconsin
Address 1314 N. 11th
City or town Milwaukee Wis

CHEMICAL MARKS

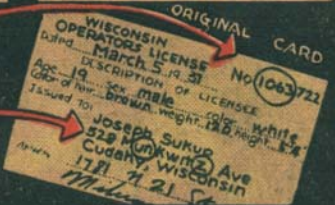
AT THE STATE LICENSE BUREAU, THE TASK OF CHECKING EVERY LICENSE APPLICATION BEGINNING WITH THE NUMBERS "1063" TOOK NEARLY A WEEK.



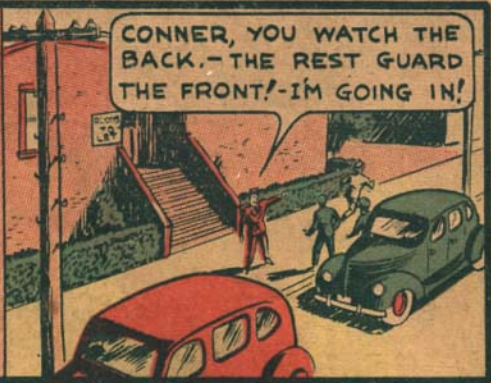
THE NUMBER "1063", AND DATE OF ISSUE AND DESCRIPTION OF THE APPLICANT, TALLIED WITH THAT ON THE TAMPERED CARD.



THE LETTERS "U", "N" & "Z" IN THE ADDRESS PROVED THAT THIS WAS THE ORIGINAL APPLICATION.



POLICE RUSHED TO THE APPLICANT'S HOME IN CUDAHY, WIS., WHERE THEY WERE TOLD HE HAD GONE TO 3542 E. PLANKINTON AVE., WITH A MAN CALLED "ART" — THEY WENT TO THIS ADDRESS...



CONNOR GLANCED ASIDE FOR A SECOND — THIS GAVE WICK HIS CHANCE



A SECOND SLUG, MIRACULOUSLY GLANCED OFF CONNOR'S BELT BUCKLE, SAVING HIS LIFE!

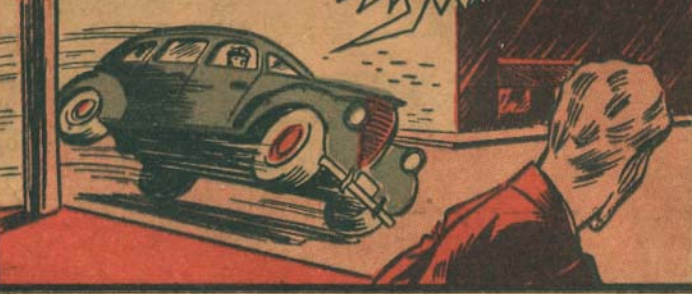


HEARING SHOTS, THE OTHER POLICE CAME RUNNING—



WICK GOT ME!
GO GET HIM!

POLICE SEARCHED THE NEIGHBORHOOD,



THERE HE IS.



DONT SHOOT!
I GIVE UP!

WICK WAS TAKEN TO CUDAHY POLICE STATION— A CROWD OF 300 PEOPLE HAD GATHERED AFTER HEARING OF THE SHOOTING.



DONT TAKE ME THROUGH THAT MOB!!—THEY'LL KILL ME!

COME ON MEN, LYNCH HIM!



THE CROWD KICKED AND CLAWED WICK, NEARLY GETTING HIM AWAY FROM THE POLICEMEN.



AT LAST, SAFE INSIDE THE POLICE STATION, WICK WAS QUESTIONED BY ROY AND CONNOR.

I DID IT!—I DID IT!
I SHOT HIM!—I WAS THE BRAINS OF THE FORGERY OPERATIONS !!

WICK WAS PLACED ON TRIAL, APR. 18, 1938, AND FOUND GUILTY ON SIX DIFFERENT COUNTS. HE WAS SENTENCED TO FROM 20 YEARS TO 125 YEAR IMPRISONMENT.—SUKUP GOT FROM 3 TO 15 YEARS, AND TWO OTHER MEMBERS OF THE GANG, LATER CAPTURED, WERE GIVEN LIKE SENTENCES

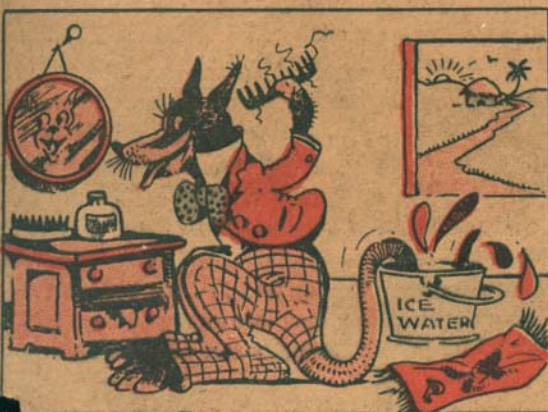
NOTE: NAMES OF ALL PERSONS OTHER THAN THOSE OF THE ACTUAL CRIMINALS ARE FICTITIOUS TO PROTECT INNOCENT CITIZENS.

POKEY

FORGETS TO REMEMBER

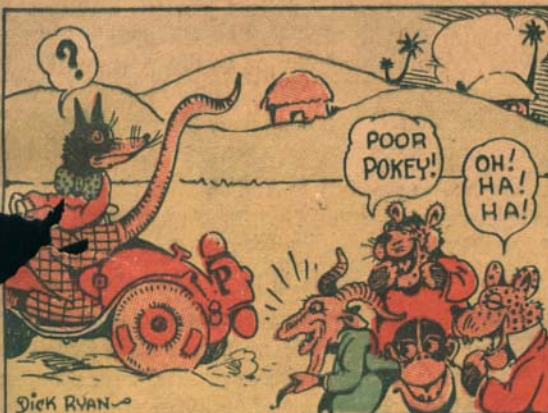


THE CLOCK WENT OFF IN POKEY'S ROOM,
HE JUMPED RIGHT OUT OF BED.
"I HAVE TO HURRY OFF TO WORK!"
IS WHAT YOUNG POKEY SAID.



HE WASHED HIS FACE AND COMBED HIS HAIR -
HE BRUSHED HIS TEETH AS WELL.
FOR WHETHER AT HIS WORK OR PLAY
HE ALWAYS LOOKED QUITE SWELL.

HE HURRIED THROUGH HIS MORNING MEAL
THEN HOPPED INTO HIS CAR -
AND DROVE OFF TO THE PLACE HE WORKED
ALTHOUGH IT WASN'T FAR.



AND AS HE DROVE ALONG THE STREET
HE SAW THE GANG HE KNEW, -
AND HEARD THEM SHOUT AND LAUGH HAHA!
WHAT NEXT WILL POKEY DO!

THEN HE FOUND OUT JUST WHY THEY LAUGHED
AND JEEERED HIM ALL THE WAY, -
FOR HE FORGOT 'T WAS SUNDAY MORN
AND NO ONE WORKED THAT DAY!

Yours Truly



SPROUTING WINGS

This first great issue of TOP NOTCH COMICS reminds us of a bird that has sprouted wings. It feels proud of them until it tries to use them and then finds that there is much to learn about flying before Mr. Bird is ready to leave the ground. Not that we feel in any way unfit for flying the banner of TOP NOTCH COMICS! Here's what we do mean . . .

Remember the old saying that you've got to learn to walk before you can fly? Well, that's the way we felt. So we went into session with ourselves and decided that before we should put TOP NOTCH COMICS on the market we should find out just what the best type of picture stories and fiction should be to entertain you.

We feel that now we have the formula . . . but UNLIKE the bird with the sprouting wings, we went into hiding until we had decided JUST WHAT TO DO, so that before we came before you we'd know already how to fly.

It took a lot of testing and investigating and planning to know what you like best. Of course, we are not perfect, but we feel that we have the kind of magazine now that you are going to read for a long time to come and enjoy it each time you read.

There will be no dragging stories in TOP NOTCH COMICS, no stories that carry on without rhyme or reason, month after month. For in this magazine each issue will be complete in itself. It's going to run on and on, all right, but each new issue will have a completely new set of stories, and each story in each issue will be complete.

Again, there will be no reprints in TOP NOTCH COMICS. You have never seen the stories you read here in ANY OTHER MAGAZINE OR IN ANY NEWSPAPER! Besides that, the stories you read here will not crop up again in some other magazine.

You'll see for yourself in this and each succeeding issue how really superior TOP NOTCH COMICS is. Streamlined fiction, stepped up to meet today's fast pace of living. Exciting action, thrilling drama. Real-life characters. All working together to give you the biggest value in comics that you have ever witnessed.

So let's all whoop it up together for TOP NOTCH---THE WORLD'S GREATEST COMIC BOOK! We'll be seeing you!

You Can Make Your Own Records If You Sing or Play An Instrument

Now a new invention permits you to make a professional-like recording of your own singing, talking or instrument playing. Any one can quickly and easily make phonograph records and play them back at once. Record your voice or your friends' voices. If you play an instrument, you can make a record and you and your friends can hear it as often as you like. You can also record orchestra or favorite radio programs right off the air and replay them whenever you wish.



MAKE YOUR OWN RECORDS AT HOME

Before spending money for an audition, make a "home record" of your voice or musical instrument and mail it to a reliable agency . . . you might be one of the lucky ones to find fame and success through this easy method of bringing your talents before the proper authorities.

IT'S LOTS OF FUN TOO! HAVING RECORDING PARTIES!

You'd get a real thrill out of HOME RECORDING. Surprise your friends by letting them hear your voice or playing right from a record. Record a snappy talking feature. Record jokes and become the life of the party. Great to help train your voice and to cultivate speech. Nothing to practice . . . you start recording at once . . . no other mechanical or electrical devices needed . . . everything necessary included. Nothing else to buy. Just sing, speak or play and HOME RECORDO unit, which operates on any electric or old type phonograph, will do the recording on special blank records we furnish. You can immediately play the records back as often as you wish. Make your home movie a talking picture with HOME RECORDO. Simply make the record while filming and play back while showing the picture.



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New York, N. Y.

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